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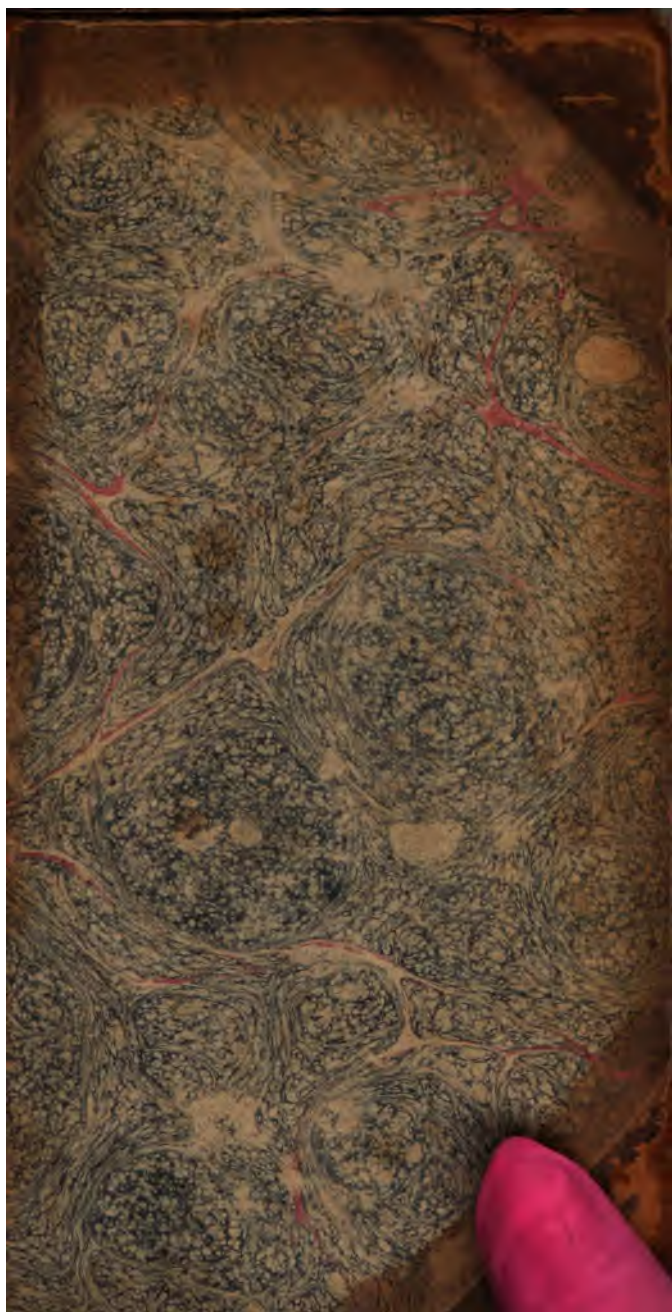
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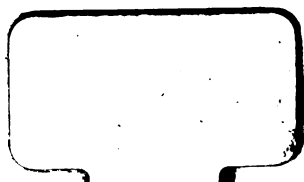
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POEMS.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

EPISTLES

S. 4. 1827.

TO A

FRIEND IN TOWN,

GOLCONDA'S FÊTE,

AND OTHER POEMS.



BY

CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1826.

40.



TO
SIR JOHN THOMAS CLARIDGE,
OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE;

THE FOLLOWING POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,
BY HIS SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

CHANDOS LEIGH.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems are chiefly a selection from my former publications, out of which I have been anxious to recal a few hasty invectives, and some levities which, to say the least of them, are not congenial to my present taste.

Two or three of the Poems in this collection are now first printed. There is a perpetual temptation, in putting forth new editions, to garnish them with something fresh. The habit of

literary composition is, in fact, among the most inveterate of habits ; and although I will not, in my own case, apply the noble passage in Beaumont's lines to his friend Fletcher, where he says that it is impossible for any one, fond of the Muses,

“ to hold from that delight,

When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write ;”

yet I do not scruple to own, that the impulse I have obeyed has been nearly as powerful. I have sought *Recreation* in writing, and I publish pretty much from the same motive : pleased, nevertheless, if I can extend some portion, however small, of the like pleasure to my Readers.

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EPISTLES
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.
IN THREE PARTS.

It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, or be fond of
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived? * * *

* * * Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him [who]
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unblest'd, (with him
My poor chin too,) for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass?

Shakspeare and Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen.



FIRST EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

non tibi parvum
Ingenium non incultum est et turpiter hirtum,
Seu linguam causis acuis, seu civica jura
Respondere paras, seu condis amabile carmen.

HORAT.

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

How many years are gone since first we met
In Town ! the day is well remembered yet ;
Thou, a Young Templar, studious of renown,
Myself the veriest Idler on the Town.
Yet some few moments thou from toil could'st spare,
To toast in wine-cups that o'erflowed, the fair.
Ah ! little deem'd I then, that I should love
Elsewhere than in the Poet's lays—a grove.
“ The sober certainty of waking bliss ”
Is what I now enjoy, and truly this.
Though vex'd with head-aches, yet when free from pain
Give me a novel, and I laugh at rain.

Who would with Richardson or Fielding part,
That loves to trace the workings of the heart?
Few can excite the intellectual smile
Like them, or dissipate November's bile.

Books have their charms, society has more ;
Life for the wise has numerous joys in store.
The wise ne'er feel the languor of ennui,
Nor care how Whig and Tory disagree.
But every hour is well enjoy'd by those
Who know alternate labour and repose.
Their farms, their gardens, ask a constant care :
With them the Sabbath is a day of prayer.
Then for amusement how they love t' explore
The woods, or down the river ply the oar,
When that the bright-hair'd sun, with mellow'd
 glow,
Pours his full splendour on the fields below.
What though the evening promises no play?
Though " heavily in clouds rolls on the day?"

The laugh, the song, the sports that intervene,
(Home-felt delights,) must quickly banish spleen.
How blest are they whose days thus glide away!
Even in old age they scarcely feel decay;
Vigorous in mind, and cheerful to the last,
With calm contentment they review the past.

Are such men Idlers? we are Idlers all;
The merits of the active are but small.
Yet they are useful too, and happier far
Than those who through the day wage wordy war,
Then dine, just reeking from the crowded court,
On tough beefsteaks, cold soup, and tavern port.
Can the poor head contain what it is now
Expedient for a *Gentleman* to know?
Though through the circle of the arts we run,
(Thanks to Reviews) we can remember none.
The Lawyer throws aside his books, and burns
To be a Davy and a Smith by turns;
His clients suffer, yet where'er he dines,
Chemist, or Bard, the learned Proteus shines.

Society improves ; the times require
Some little knowledge in a country squire ;
And book clubs, through the country widely spread,
Shew, that at least, our modern works are read.
The most inveterate sportsman now may speak
French and Italian, nay can construe Greek.
A fire-side voyager from shore to shore
He loves not in his easy chair to snore.

All can talk politics, no matter how :
The witty and the dull, the high and low.
But few, (which is the test of taste,) can quote
Aptly a line, or tell an anecdote.
Few can converse, with unaffected ease,
Or like a Ward, or like a Canning please.

Our country neighbours something more can say
Than "How d'ye do," and "'Tis a lovely day."

I've heard from them what in reputed wits
Would be considered very pretty hits.
A *bel esprit* in France, and Britain's known,
But England calls the *humorous* man her own ;
Yet "masters of the joke," who have a name,
Often say things unworthy of their fame.

No dun's loud voice, nor newsman's louder horn,
Here scare you from your slumbers light at morn :
No loungers here at one, assail your door,
To kill *their* time by wasting your's till four :
To them 'tis all the same what themes engage
Their minds, a death perchance, or equipage.
'Tis hard to say who greater ills endure,
The listless rich, or the o'erlabouring poor.
Indolence sits a night-mare on the breast ;
Through the whole day its victims cannot rest.
Since man was never born to live alone,
How can he be that wretched thing—a drone !

A country-life is tame ! Who says 'tis so ?
The muck-worm cit, or butterfly-like beau ;
Or some fair *exquisite* whose mind is fraught
With maxims by the Queen of Fashion taught ?
“ Would you be fashionable, you must weed
Your company, my dear, you must indeed.
Those who give balls ask first *exclusives* ; then
As you would choose your pinks select your men.
Let not a swarm of country-folks appear
To greet you with a cordial welcome, dear ;
Such you must *cut* at once.—It is not worth,
Nor wit, nor talent, no nor even birth
That gives the ton ; 'tis something you will find
At Almack's—'tis—it cannot be defined.
Remember you may always turn aside
As if by accident, and *not* through pride,
When those approach you whom you should not know ;
Or be short-sighted, or at least seem so.
Let none but titled names your parties boast,
They look divinely in the Morning Post.

Though Dowagers may old and ugly be,
They blaze in diamonds, are of high degree :
Though noble Dandies look like gay baboons,
Their stars shine lustrous through our grand saloons :
How sweet it is to listen to the prate
Of some young lordling, pillar of the state !
Who, quite the fashion, to a favour'd few
Speaks, then be thankful if he talks to you."

You laugh at this would-be satiric strain ;
Well then I'll read my Blackstone o'er again.
And talk about a "fine," or a "release,"
And dare to be a Justice of the Peace.
Yet, my good friend, though nothing has a sale
But a wild novel, or a bravo's tale,
Or memoirs, written by some scribbling thing,
That bites a bard, as gnats a lion sting,
I've dared to write ; no moralist will curse,
Though few, perchance, can praise this sober verse.
While well-fed Codrus dedicates his rhymes
To his kind patron, shall we blame the times ?

How generous that Mæcenás is, who gives
His gold, and lauded in a preface lives !
Some with subscriptions love to make a shew ;
'Tis right the world their charities should know,
Their spring of action's selfishness ; what then ?
Their names, perchance, may influence other men.
Better write songs, or simper at a ball,
Than, like a youthful Timon, lose your all.

One cares not how he trifles life away ;
A hero wept if he but lost a day !
The ruin'd master of a vast estate
Finds he had time for hazard when too late.
What then is wealth, if boundless be our wants ?
How few can well employ what fortune grants !
One buys a borough, and corrupts the poor ;
Another opes to every knave his door.
If there be virtues in this world, they thrive
Far from those open halls where lordlings live.
Enslaved to thousands, while he *seems* their god,
The generous fool for self prepares the rod.

All lash him—why ? because he fondly deem'd
That they, vain boasters ! were the men they seem'd.

Cethegus shines alike with talents rare,
Or in St. Giles's, or in Grosvenor-square ; (*)
So versatile in all things, he must please,
Who thus to pleasure sacrifices ease.

Lucullus to a boor, within the week,
Sells gems, and goblets of the *true antique*.
Who then would be Lucullus, thus to lose
All that a *polish'd* taste taught *him* to choose ?

Is Gracchus happy, as around him throng
The rabble, who applaud him right or wrong ?
No : where the conquest is so mean, indeed,
He feels no triumph, where he *must* succeed.
Great wits and statesmen grace Moreri's page ;
Who else records these wonders of their age !
Since fame is so uncertain, shall we say
That splendid follies live beyond their day ?

Each has the *beau ideal* in his mind
Of pleasure ; that is coarse, this more refin'd :
Talk not to me, says Florio, of delights
The country has ; give me the view from White's.
What is more lovely on a summer's day
Than charms which beauteous women *then* display ?
Dearer to many is the gay saloon
At Covent Garden, than the full-orb'd moon.
These, as they view the immortal lights on high,
For Vauxhall's artificial splendours sigh.
So strange is taste, that some do not disdain
To breathe the wholesome air of Maiden-lane, (^b)
Where, by the smoking conclave, they are prized,
And sometimes pass for characters disguised.

At clubs and auctions Florio may contrive
Through a wet day, by rising late, to live ;
Give him at night but turtle and champagne,
He might *exist* through the same day again.
Life must indeed to such strange beings seem,
Or a fool's Paradise, or drunkard's dream :

The spirits o'er excited, soon will fail,
Then all is dull, unprofitable, stale.
Nor Ude's best fare, (°) nor wines, though very choice,
Nor social songs, can make the heart rejoice.

Poor Foppington ! but yesterday the pride
Of ball-rooms, is by fashion thrown aside.
Another is adored, why, none can tell :
Yet *must* another be forgot as well.
This is indeed the common lot of all
Whom vain ambition prompts to *rule the ball*.
Wharton, a great Corinthian in his day,
(Pope gives his character) was somewhat gay ;
Loved to see life, ambitious of a name :
Compared with his e'en *Egan's* sports are tame. (d)
'Tis pity that such revellers should die,
They are so useful to society.

Most glorious is the spring-time of the year !
How freshly green the woods, the vales appear !

“ Flowers of all hue” the splendid meads adorn ;
With blossoms white, how fragrant is the thorn !
When nature’s clothed in such a varied dress,
Shall man presume to scorn her loveliness ?
Slight the rich banquet that she bids him taste,
And fortune’s gifts in chase of follies waste ?
The circle of enjoyment comprehends
Wife, children, books, a few warm-hearted friends :
Man may with these contented be, and spurn
Those *nothings*, after which his neighbours yearn.

SECOND EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

[illegible]

TO THE SAME.

SHALL I, while serious duties must engage
My mind, write on in this most rhyming age?
Wilt thou, with clients crowding at thy door,
Consent to be poetical, and poor?
Yet let me snatch, my friend, one hour away
From fashion's vain impertinence to-day,
From the dull forms of business, and its cares,
That close around me like the fowler's snares—
And I'll ne'er trifle with the Muse again:
Read but these plain lines from an honest pen.

Some men there are, thank Heaven but very few,
Who will condemn whate'er you say or do;

I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides ; who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body ; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes silently out of it ; this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*meta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise ; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.—Cowley.

TO THE SAME.

SHALL I, while serious duties must engage
My mind, write on in this most rhyming age?
Wilt thou, with clients crowding at thy door,
Consent to be poetical, and poor?
Yet let me snatch, my friend, one hour away
From fashion's vain impertinence to-day,
From the dull forms of business, and its cares,
That close around me like the fowler's snares—
And I'll ne'er trifle with the Muse again:
Read but these plain lines from an honest pen.

Some men there are, thank Heaven but very few,
Who will condemn whate'er you say or do;

I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides ; who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body ; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes silently out of it ; this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*muta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise ; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not play'd his farce very well.—*Cowley*.

TO THE SAME.

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My mind, write on in this most rhyming age?
Wilt thou, with clients crowding at thy door,
Consent to be poetical, and poor?
Yet let me snatch, my friend, one hour away
From fashion's vain impertinence to-day,
From the dull forms of business, and its cares,
That close around me like the fowler's snares—
And I'll ne'er trifle with the Muse again:
Read but these plain lines from an honest pen.

Some men there are, thank Heaven but very few,
Who will condemn whate'er you say or do;

Statesmen are statesmen still—the mob will roar, (c)
And —— be what Wilkes has been before !

Say, dost thou seek the Caledonian squeeze,
Where few can stand, and fewer sit with ease ?
Where Irving's glowing oratory shows
The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose ! (f)
Or, blest with better taste, wilt thou not hear
Andrews, as eloquent, and far more clear ?
Then, at a brother lawyer's country seat,
In social converse find a sabbath treat ?

As magic lanthorns throw along the wall
Forms of gigantic shape, yet shadows all !
In florid self-importance thus the vain
Burst on our sight—then shrink to nought again.
Their well-known faces haunt me where I walk,
And oh ! how wearisome their well-known talk !

Yet such are men ; though reason, 'tis confess,
Illumes their minds with scatter'd rays at best :

Such have immortal spirits ! which must be
Happy, or wretched, through eternity !
Go, then, and tread Love's flowery path ; but know
Ye burn with dæmons, or with seraphs glow !

Oft have we laugh'd at (for in truth we've seen
The world) their civil smiles that nothing mean ;
Their dolorous looks, whene'er they seem'd to grieve ;
And can such poor dissemblers e'er deceive ?
Give *me* the man, who, if he sometimes err,
At least shows something like a character !
Who can consult his heart, as well as head ;
Nor waits to ask if feeling be well bred !

Some have the wealth of Ind, are strange, are proud,
And scorn to hold communion with the crowd.
But fortune frowns ; the smiling auctioneer
Bids gold and pearls barbaric disappear.
Philips will sell their books, where underwrit
Notes tersely pencill'd show sententious wit. (s)

Philips will sell their gewgaws, that amaze (^h)
Women and rustics with their gorgeous blaze !
But such superfluous vanities can ne'er
Delight *thy* mind, be they or rich, or rare.

Soon, very soon, life's little day is past ;
No works, but those of charity, will last.
Nor Byron's verse, nor Beckford's pomp can save
Vathek, or Harold, from their destin'd grave !
And what is wealth ? with equal hand 'tis given
To bad, to good—no proof of favouring Heaven !
And who is rich ? Emilius, whose good sense
Protects him from the glare of vain expense.
Who buys not glittering toys when very dear, (ⁱ)
But treats his friends with hospitable cheer—
Who loves to breathe the incense of the morn, (^k)
As the sun's golden rays his hills adorn ;
Deeming more beautiful the sky's young bloom,
Than all the splendours of a drawing-room —
And meditates, as warmly glows his blood,
How best he might promote his country's good—

He can be happy though his neighbours thrive ;
Nor thinks himself the poorest man alive.
But few are like Emilius, few can feel
For aught, save their own sordid selves, a zeal.

Trebatius like a man of honour deals ;
He only keeps your purse, he never steals.
His honour is so clear, you must not doubt it ;
“ He talks about it, Goddess, and about it.”
Wearied with mystery, and sick of prate,
(Yet unconvinced) you trust the man you hate.

Simplicity is like a flowery wreath,
Though beautiful, a serpent lurks beneath !
Good Simon Pure in look, in voice, a child,
Will circumvent a Jew—though very mild.

Burke says ambition is too bold a vice (‘)
For many ; true : not so with avarice.
The meanest passion has the strongest hold
On human hearts, the cursed lust of gold.

You judge, if rightly read in Nature's book,
Of beasts, by what in men deceive, the look :
The fox's craft, the slyness of a cat,
Are outwardly exprest by *this* and *that*.

Crispus with studied negligence will speak ; (m)
Yet knows right well his neighbour's side that 's weak ;
And while *his* words are out at random thrown,
Notes *your's* upon his memory's tablet down.
The most experienced oft will fail to trace
The lines of cunning in his ruddy face :
Yet, watch it narrowly, you see the smile
Betrays, what laughter may conceal, his guile.

Lives there the man who does not condescend
To notice, if he be distress'd, a friend ?
Such man within the Town perchance may dwell,
More fit to be a denizen of Hell.
Such in the Country cannot live indeed ;
Our lands are curs'd not with the noxious weed.

Experience, sole correctress of the young
Who to reeds shaken by the wind have clung—
(False hopes, false friends, false pleasures—till disgraced,)
Tells them, that confidence may be misplaced.

Give him one year, the youth by passion fired,
May lose whate'er his father has acquired !
Whate'er *he* gained by forethought, or by toil,
May in one night become the sharper's spoil.

Why does Eugenio love to live by rule ?
He aims to be the first in Jackson's school,
Yet like himself, perchance, Eugenio's sire
Liked a beefsteak that just had *seen* the fire !
'Twas love of exercise—'tis love of fame,
Their ends were varied, but their means the same.

Sick of amusements that come o'er and o'er,
The chace, the dance, the drama, and the moor,

Hilario quits fair England, restless still,
He follows pleasure's shade, and ever will ;
Till to some "high-iced" city drawing close,
It leaves him idle, but without repose.

Hilario stakes his goods, among the rest
A ring—it was a dying friend's bequest !
This dear memorial of a dying friend
Adorns a strumpet's finger in the end.

Lucilius courts the great, he'd rather be
Their slave, than live among his equals free.
Yet will he notice these, whene'er they meet
Elsewhere, than in a fashionable street.
Yet some there are who scorn, how very odd,
This lordling's humble servant's *friendly* nod.

Vain, demi-deified by flattering self,
Young Claudius cries—"All women want my pelf!"
Some, dazzled with exterior show, adore
The golden calf, like wayward Jews of yore.

Yet is the fool so fine—he dares to scorn
The highly-gifted, beautiful, high-born !
Till from his fancied eminence he 's hurl'd
By lawless love—a by-word in the world !
Or to a wanton, or another's wife
Wedded, for ever with his spouse at strife.

Extreme in every thing, Petronius pants
To be a chosen one, and humbly cants !
What are humility and cant allied ?
Humility is virtue, cant is pride !
The words of dying Addison, “ Be good,”
Though easy, are by few well understood.

Florus, whose wit may grace to-morrow's feast,
Is low to-day ; the wind is in the East.
Or deems he that at thirty though he sing
And jest, a jester's but a trifling thing ?

The mind “ that 's sicklied o'er with the pale cast
Of thought,” intensely ponders o'er the past !

Each act, however fair in youth's gay prime,
Changes its hues, and darkens into crime.
Each lighter jest, in strong remembrance set,
Adds something to the stores of vain regret.

E'en Atticus, whose mind is blest with taste,
Lets, when alone, his talents run to waste.
The standard of his taste is high indeed ;
Few are the books he *condescends* to read !
He bears with Dryden's prose, or Campbell's verse.
Such delicate feeling almost is a curse.

What is thy boasted knowledge, man of thought ?
What are thy fancy's meteor-flashes ?—nought.
If but a passing cloud that glooms the sky
Can stupify thy brain, or dull thine eye—
Slave to the breeze, the sunshine, and the shower,
Thou art in sooth a transitory flower !

“ Poor human nature ! ” bending over Pope,
His friend exclaim'd—but where was St. John's hope ?

He saw the poet ghastly, weak, and thin !
But saw not the immortal soul within !
The soul, that like an eagle soars among
The bright existences, the souls of song ;
They, with intuitive glance, at once see through
Worlds, which on earth we vainly strive to view.

On the rough ocean of existence tost,
Here contemplation is in action lost.
Had we but time to speculate, how strange
Would all appear within the mind's wide range ;
Ourselves—our nature—what th' Almighty power
Wills us to be—when past death's awful hour !
Our thoughts are vague when they attempt to pass
Beyond the boundaries of *is* and *was*.
How very small must seem, whene'er we think,
In being's endless chain this earthly link !

To-day, and yesterday ! these words imply
Life has its constant labours, 'till we die.

Then may our souls, upspringing from the dust,
Live with the spirits of the good and just !
Is there a spot of sunshine to be found
In life's dark valley? yes—'tis holy ground !
'Tis where Religion sheds its sober beam,
As fell on Gideon's fleece the blessed stream !

“ Bask in the sun of pleasure while you can ;
Life's summer soon is fled : then what is man ! ”
Unapt allusion ! as our years increase,
The mind gains strength, the storms of passion cease !
The informing spirit then, that never dies,
Gives promise of those godlike energies
That it will exercise without decay,
In other worlds, when this shall pass away.

Let us then fondly hope that they, whose worth
Rivall'd the virtues of the best on earth,
They, in whose hearts angels rejoiced to find
The fear of God, the love of all mankind,

They whom we loved, for whom, alas ! we shed
The fruitless tear, since they to us are dead,
Will live for ever with us in the sight
Of that immortal One who dwells in light,
Throned inaccessible. We learn to brave,
Arm'd with this hope, the terrors of the grave.



THIRD EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

This is a beautiful life now ! Privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there's no man but may make his paradise ;
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't.

Fletcher's Nice Valour,
Act v. Scene 2.

TO THE SAME.

THIS day, that shone most glorious from its birth,
Is like a glimpse of Heaven as caught from earth.
Here oft in silence have we loved to gaze
On sylvan wonders, far above our praise.
Our thoughts are fresh, as is the early dew
In our life's morn ; oh ! were they always new,
Earth would be Paradise ; but soon they lose
Their freshness, and grow stale by frequent use.
Those varied fancies, that when we are young
Please us, remain through want of art unsung ;
When Art might teach us duly to express
Their charms, alas ! we feel and know them less.

The noblest landscape that e'er bless'd the sight,
Day after day beheld, scarce gives delight.
That, which we now mis-name a trifling toy,
Once kindled in our hearts a flame of joy!
As the sky's brilliant hues at close of day
Melt down into an undistinguish'd grey ;
Thus the chang'd mind (its lively colours past)
Wears the dull livery of the world at last.—

E'en PAMPHILUS, in whose young bosom dwelt
A love of all that 's beautiful, who felt
That Nature, ever present, where he rov'd,
Clung closely to his heart, a Nymph belov'd ;
Now views, unheeding, emerald vales, and floods,
And, in repose magnificent, the woods.

Yet better this, than an o'eracted zeal
For rural beauties, which you do not feel.
URBANUS is in raptures, when he sees,
Since rudeness is a crime, his Patron's trees ;

URBANUS deems not what he sees, divine ;
But 'tis polite to shout at times " How fine."
This feign'd enthusiast with his words may cheat
The vain oppressor of a country seat !
But has URBANUS view'd the clouds that flush
Around a summer's sky, the morning's blush ;
And felt, when quite alone, the deep, deep sense
Of beauty inexpress'd, not less intense,
When all sensations of delight are thrown
Into a heavenward gratitude alone ?

Pleasures like this are passionless, and give
A lesson to us for what ends we live.
They show the soul's high origin, though worn
By care, and oh ! predict that glorious morn,
When life, and light, and love, the trinal beam, (*)
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream.

A lute, a gentle voice, or summer skies,
All in their turn wake kindred sympathies ;

Though few, like SYLVIVS, love to waste their hours
Courting romantic thoughts in tangled bow'rs,
'Till loathing social duties he misdeems
Himself a spirit in a world of dreams,—
Yet will meek evening to the *coldest* heart
A sober glow of happiness impart ;
Sweet promise this, of pleasures yet to come ;
Showing that earth is *not* our proper home.
This nature teaches to that being call'd
“ Man of the world,” or man by art enthrall'd,
With the thin gloss of fashion smoothing o'er
His real character, like thousands more !
So mild, his manners are to all the same ;
Stranger or Friend alike, attention claim.

Now FLAVIVS lingers in the town alone ;
The pride and pomp of which, alas, are gone.
The mean young man will condescend to seek
A rural Bashaw's seat ; but for a week :
Th' indignant Landlord scorns, as well he might,
The proffer'd honour, as he scorn'd the slight

Which FLAVIUS show'd him, when, among the crowd
Of worldlings, walked the coxcomb poor and proud.
All pride is littleness—but very low
The pride which *unpaid* tailors can bestow !
The bigot for his narrow creed may have
Some reason, but a fool is fashion's slave
Who for a name's equivocal renown,
Would the best feelings of the heart disown.
Let brother triflers damn him as half-bred,
The charms of this much-boasted name are fled.
A word from fashion's high-priest,—sacred thing,
Will clip at once the young aspirant's wing.
Unhappy youth ! whom fortune thus beguiles ;
The lovely Peeress passes by, nor smiles.
The title "*Exquisite*" acquir'd with pain,
Like that of "*Champion*," is a doubtful gain.

Dreary will be life's eve to SPORUS soon,
The black cloud of contempt o'erhangs his noon.
One moment's gaze on such a scene as this,
Is worth whole years of artificial bliss.

When the sun gilds with his declining rays
The castle, fam'd in great ELIZA's days,
I love to linger near its ruin'd walls,
Where ivy clusters, or luxuriant falls :
Then in my mind are, suddenly revived ^(b)
The days, when SIDNEY, "flower of knighthood," lived.
That stainless hero ! a propitious star
In peace ; a splendid meteor in the war.
Th' unwearied light of valour on his crest
Shone, while in royal halls he look'd the best.
Such noble spirits to a higher sphere
Belong, and, ere we know them, disappear !

Now the calm sunset gives a mellow grace
To the vast pile ; what pleasure 'tis to trace
The shadows of past greatness ; not a sound
Is heard, while twilight gently steals around.
Here time appears resistless ; but my soul
Says that one Power can time itself controul :
The Power that hath revealed, the promise sure,
That now, one boundless present, shall endure. ^(c)

But what are works upraised by human skill ?
Mere toys, Pride's splendid playthings, if you will.—
Nature more prodigal, has always been
Most lavish of her treasures, where unseen.
She, in vast solitudes delights to show
That without man's vain aid, her nurslings grow
A Giant brood ; for such mimosas rise,
And the Columnar cactus towers unto the skies, (^d)
Where vallies look like worlds, o'er which the vast
Forests their shades interminably cast !

Where all is great, shall not man's heart expand,
Enlarging with the grandeur of the land ?
There as the mind upsprings, from custom freed
It scorns the courtier's fashionable creed,
Knowing itself how mean, in Pride's abode,
How comprehensive, 'mong the works of God.
The worst and best of passions there, the lust
Of wealth, the love of glory give disgust,
And thought illimitable there would fain
The wisdom of earth's wisest sons disdain.

EUMOLPUS, child of Genius he, was made
To live in the sun, and yet, would seek the shade !
Thou dost remember well his fine dark eye,
Where shone enthron'd the soul of Poesy ;
His voice that, silver-toned, fit channel seem'd
For flow of wit with which his fancy teem'd ;
His eloquent discourse now light, now full
Of thoughts profound and rare, but never dull.
Spite of these brilliant qualities that warm
The heart, and give to social life a charm,—
This gifted being, to the haunts of men (°)
Preferr'd the mountain's height, or lonely glen.

But PSITTACUS the bard, aspires to move
Among the rich and great, to court *their* love.
He labours every day to feel the effect
Of writing well, and trembles at neglect.
One might his highly-polish'd wit compare (°)
To the snow-diamond beautiful and rare :
He knows indeed its worth ; for every word
He asks the homage of the social board.

And while his sayings sparkle, Fame forbid,
Their light should be beneath a bushel hid.
But though his Muse, in verse a very saint,
The beauties of retir'd life can paint ;
She ne'er with Nature's self communion held,
But felt *that* Power her energies had quell'd !

How few, while, with their fellow-men they mix,
Write what they may, on Heaven their thoughts will fix ;
Affections, small, but strong in union, bind
With many threads to earth the giant mind :
Care clouds its sight ; wild passions then assail
The soul, and 'gainst its nobler will prevail :
And while man strays through Pleasure's flowery path,
Bursts on his head the vial of God's wrath !

Yet praise is dear to all—the world's, alas, (s)
(As wet and dry affect the weather-glass)
Or given or withheld can raise or sink
The spirits, 'tis for that we act and think.

For that young DRUSUS, falling from his rank,
Into a wandering, would-be ROSCIUS sank ;
For that PATRICIUS would, a fruitless toil,
Enrich with German flowers his English soil ;
E'en from his lov'd retreat the rural Bard
Seeks in the world's approval his reward.
Where's the Recluse who though it loudly strikes
His ear, the grateful voice of fame dislikes ?
Thus rise from ROUSSEAU'S page, that oft illumines
The shrine of Nature, vanity's rank fumes.
The worshippers of glory, though sublime
Their genius, are *but* great in prose and rhyme.
So weak is man, that when upraised at most,
The mind its partial flight can only boast :
Soon with a flagging wing 'twill stoop, and creep
Along the ground—hear this ye vain and weep.

ANTIMACHUS (since such a name the muse (^h)
Reluctant for the wayward youth must choose)
Writes like an angel, but his actions stain
The else unsullied offspring of his brain.

He seems in contrarieties to take
Delight, at once Philosopher and Rake.
What Casuist dares affirm 'twixt good and bad
That ought like compromise can e'er be had ?
Though many characters, so wills it strife,
Preserve no keeping on the stage of life.
The sentimentalist to-day will quaff
Bumpers of wine, to-morrow jest and laugh.
MORECRAFT the usurer will e'en unbend ;
And give a dinner to his *pigeon'd* Friend.
Mind has its lights and shadows, that to please,
Into each other melt by slow degrees:
But with alternate colours dark and bright, (1)
The glaring contrast shocks the moral sight.
Strange inconsistencies will show that all
The wisest feel the curse of Adam's fall.

Good God ! MARCELLUS by the gay and grave
Approved, became the vilest passion's slave ;

Pure were his thoughts in boyhood, modest sense
Adorn'd a mind that hated all pretence.
Poor fallen youth, how changed ! thou lately wast
Thy country's pride ; but now—the world's outcast.
Oh may swift vengeance hurl its lightnings down
On their base heads by whom this youth's o'erthrown !
Pass we this theme—the subject will involve
A knotty question which no Bard can solve :
Why should this man since Virtue "with his growth
Grew" be *at once* the worthless thing we loath ?
Bad spirits ever vigilant will glide
Into the heart's recess, and there abide ;
Expelling the fair forms of Love and Truth,
Though beautiful, but transient guests in sooth.

ALCIPHON opens Nature's Book, and reads
That there's a God, as visible in weeds
As worlds ; and yet the sceptic is perplex'd ;
With "qualities," and "modes," and "substance," vex'd.
Words vague in meaning chill his *holy* zeal,
And counteract what he *must* see and feel.

Is he in danger ? then he will adore
 God, and forget the quibbling sophist's lore.
 Conscience will dissipate the mists that cloud
 Thoughts, very weak indeed, when very proud.
 Thus the presumptuous intellect of man
 Passes its bounds, but ends where it began.

That Joy is like a moment's sunshine, gone
 Ere you can feel it, we have often known :
 But Friendship is a plant that will outlast
 The gusts of care, or Sorrow's wintry blast.
 Then mayst thou see, my Friend, a good old age ;
 Happy as DEMONAX, and quite as sage. ^(k)
 And when her mild farewell to life is given,
 May Angel Faith direct thy soul to Heaven !



NOTES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

- (^a) *Cethegus shines alike with talents rare,
Or in St. Giles's, or in Grosvenor-square.*

It is the boast of a very sporting character, that he is equally *at home* at the Beggar's Opera in St. Giles's, and at Carlton Palace.

- (^b) *So strange is taste, that some do not disdain
To breathe the wholesome air of Maiden-lane.*

The celebrated Professor Porson passed several "noctes atticæ" at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, where, as Moore says of the famous Tom Crib, he shone the *νεφεληγερέτα* *Zeus* of surrounding gods.

- (^c) *Nor Ude's best fare.*

Ude, a distinguished French cook, who has published a

work on the famous art of cookery. It certainly is "caviare to the general."

(^d) *Compared with his, e'en Egan's sports are tame.*

Whoever wishes to be acquainted with a pious prank of the celebrated Earl of Wharton, may peruse No. 22 of the *Examiner*, written by Dean Swift, who there relates a truly edifying anecdote of his Lordship. Mr. Egan, in his "Life in London," has given a most attractive picture of the pleasures, which those who are initiated in the mysteries of fashion, may enjoy in the Metropolis.

su per le dita

Tutte di Londra le taverne e i bagni,
E i cavalli più rapidi, e di galli
Più bellicosi, e di più chiara stirpe,
E i più tremendi pugili.—*Pindemonte.*

When there are so many employments for a man of spirit, who would be idle? we leave it to Frenchmen

Sauter, danser, faire l'amour,
Et boire vin blanc et vermeil ;
Et ne rien faire tout le jour,
Que compter escus au soleil.—*Rabelais.*

Here let *me* rest in this sweet solitude,
Where knaves and parasites shall ne'er intrude !
No bacchanals are here, to give pretence
For wild excess, or ruinous expense :

In yon delightful wood I love to hear,
Though strange may seem the notes, a welcome cheer.
The birds, by nature fed, ask nought of me ;
Theirs is at least no counterfeited glee.
Is not this better than among the crowd
To fret, and gaze, and cringe before the proud ?——M. S.

NOTES ON THE SECOND EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

(*) *When Kemble, like the god-like hero, shone.*

It is an epoch in a man's life to have seen Kemble in Coriolanus. I have no more an abstract idea of Coriolanus as separated from Kemble, than Martinus Scriblerus had of a Lord Mayor without his insignia of office, his gold chain, &c. This great actor possessed the qualities necessary to make a first-rate tragedian in an eminent degree; but his distinguishing excellence was *taste*, which, in an ode, spoken at a public dinner given to Mr. Kemble upon his retirement from the stage, is thus beautifully described by the most refined poet of the present day:—

Taste, like the silent gnomon's power,
To which supernal light is given;
That dials inspiration's hour,
And tells its height in Heaven.

(b) *At once their world of poetry and wit !*

Shakspeare, Massinger, Fletcher ! whom we might thus address in the language of an excellent modern poet,

Illustres animæ ! si quid mortalia tanguit
 Cœlicolas ! si gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ ;
 Vos precor, antiquum vos instaure vigorem ;
 Ut tandem excusso nitamur ad ardua somno,
 Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.

Hawkins Browne, De Animi immortalitate.

 (c) *Like Machiavel in politics.*

“ It has been contended by some of Machiavel’s apologists that his real object in unfolding and systematizing the mysteries of *King-Craft*, was to point out indirectly to the people the means by which the encroachments of their rulers might be most effectually resisted ; and at the same time to satirize under the ironical mask of loyal and courtly admonition, the characteristical vices of princes. But although this hypothesis has been sanctioned by several distinguished names, and derives some verisimilitude from various incidents in the author’s life, it will be found on examination quite untenable ; and accordingly it is now, I believe, very generally rejected. One thing is certain, that if such were actually Machiavel’s views, they were much too refined for the capacity of his royal pupils.”

See Dugald Stewart’s Preface to the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

(d) *Yet politics are but ephemeral things.*

"The very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect," as the author of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" says.

(e) *Kings, though the world's progressive, will be kings :
Statesmen are statesmen still.*

La bonne foi, dit le Sénateur Nani, manquera dans l'exécution des traités tant que vivra l'intérêt ; et l'intérêt vivra tant que les princes regneront.

L'Empereur Maximilien disoit que les princes ne s'arrêtoient pas au texte de leurs traités et de leurs capitulations, mais à la glose, c'est à dire, à l'interprétation qu'ils y vouloient donner.

*Lettres du Cardinal d'Ossat, avec les Notes de
M. Amelot de la Houssaie.*

(f) *The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose.*

The great Jeremy Taylor, of whom an eloquent writer in the Edinburgh Review thus justly says: "We will venture to assert that there is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery, more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions, more new figures, and new applications of old figures, more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry, than in all the odes, and the epics that have since been produced in Europe.

Article on Ford's Dramatic Works, August 1811.

(s) *Notes tersely pencill'd show sententious wit.*

As Witwould says in Congreve's "Way of the World,"
 "Thou hast uttered folios in less than decimo sexto, my
 dear Lacedemonian; Sirrah Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words."

(h) *Philips will sell their gewgaws that amaze, &c.*

Mine eyes have made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd;
 Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
 A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
 Heaven's abstract or epitome.—*City Madam.*

Such was the wealth displayed in the house of a celebrated character, who rivalled in magnificence the Sultan of Gazna, or Musicanus.

(¹) *Who buys not glittering toys when very dear.*

This line may appear absurd to those who have not been at fashionable auction-rooms, nor have witnessed the competition that there is among bidders to purchase articles of no intrinsic value whatever, merely because they belonged to a "Man of Fashion." I have known books to bring a very high price at auctions because they were collected by a black-letter hunter, which might have been sold for half the sum at many booksellers' shops in London.

(^k) *Who loves to breathe, &c.*

I am indebted for this idea to the following beautiful passage in *Tom Jones*.

“It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect, we have before described, to his eye. And now having sent forth streams of light which ascended to the firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty uprose the Sun ; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented ; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.”

This is the portrait of a fictitious personage ; but I see in it a close resemblance to one whose memory I shall never cease to venerate !

(^l) *Burke says ambition is too bold a vice.*

“Avarice is a rival to the pursuits of many. It finds a multitude of checks, and many opposers in every walk of life. But the objects of ambition are for the few, and every person who aims at indirect profit, and therefore wants other protection than innocence and law, instead of its rival becomes its instrument. There is a natural allegiance and

fealty due to this domineering paramount evil from all the vassal vices, which acknowledge its superiority, and readily militate under its banners ; and it is under that discipline alone that avarice is able to spread to any considerable extent, or to render itself a general public mischief."—*Burke's Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts.*

Così cresce 'l desir vile et immondo
Del crudel oro, et l' insatiabil rabbia,
Onde non gusta huom mai viver giocondo.

Ariosto, Satira Quarta.

(^m) *Crispus with studied negligence will speak.*

Il ne faut pas juger des hommes comme d'un tableau, ou d'une figure sur une seule et première vûe ; il y a un intérieur et un cœur qu'il faut approfondir : le voile de la modestie couvre le mérite, et le masque de l'hipocrisie cache la malignité ; il n'y a qu'un très-petit nombre de connoisseurs qui discerne, et qui soit en droit de prononcer ; ce n'est que peu à peu, et forcez même par le temps et les occasions, que la vertu parfaite et le vice consommé viennent enfin à se déclarer.

NOTES ON THE THIRD EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

- (^a) *When life, and light, and love, the trinal beam,
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream.*

Noi semo usciti fuore
Del maggior corpo al Ciel, ch' è pura luce;
Luce intellettual piena d' amore,
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,
Letizia, che trascende ogni dolzore.

Dante Del Paradiso, Canto 30.

- (^b) *Then in my mind are suddenly revived
The days when SIDNEY, 'flower of knighthood,' lived.*

How delightful is the character of Sir Philip Sidney, as given by Dr. Zouch:—"The elegance of his manners; the versatility of his genius, adapting itself to the acquisition of universal knowledge; his unbounded munificence; his amiable demeanour in domestic life; his tender feelings for the miseries of those persecuted Protestants, who in defence

of their religion and liberties, resisted the savage insolence of Spanish tyranny; the suavity of his disposition, so alluring that he was, as it were, nursed in the lap of the Graces; an experience above his years; an invincible patience under the most acute sufferings—all these qualities will render his name grateful to future ages. His dignified and winning deportment, filled every beholder with delight.—*Zouch's Memoirs of Sidney*, page 349.

(c) “*That now one boundless present will endure.*”

“One boundless Present—one eternal Now.”—*Young*.

(d) *And the Columnar cactus towers unto the skies.*

“The hill of calcareous breccia which we have just regarded as an island in the ancient gulf, is covered with a thick forest, of columnar cactus and opuntia. Some thirty or forty feet high, covered with lichens, and divided into several branches in the form of candelabras, wear a singular appearance. Near Maniquarez, at Punta Araya, we measured a cactus, the trunk of which was four feet nine inches in circumference.”—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*.

(e) *This gifted Being, to the haunts of men*

Preferr'd the mountain's height, or lonely glen.

The following beautiful lines, extracted from the tragedy of COUNT JULIAN, are applicable to a great Poet, and ex-

cellent Man, who is shadowed out under the character of Eumolpus.

No airy or light passion stirs abroad
 To ruffle or to sooth him ; all are quell'd
 Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind !
 Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men :
 As often-times an ' Eagle,' when the sun
 Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
 Stands solitary, stands immovable
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye
 Clear, constant, unobservant, unabashed
 In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

Count Julian, Act v. Scene 2.

(1) *One might his highly polish'd wit compare
 To the snow-diamond beautiful and rare.*

" The most frequent colours of the diamond, as already mentioned, are the white and grey ; and of these the most highly prized by the Jeweller are the snow-white."—*Jamieson's Mineralogy.*

(5) *Yet praise is dear to all—the world's, alas,
 (As wet and dry affect the weather-glass)
 Or given or withheld can raise or sink
 The spirits, 'tis for that we act and think.*

"Sic leve sic parvum est animum quod laudis avarum subruit et reficit."—*Horat. Ep.*

(^h) *Antimachus, (since such a name the Muse
Reluctant for the wayward youth must choose.)*

Antimachus in the "Nubes of Aristophanes," according to the scholiast, is a very handsome and very profligate youth.

(ⁱ) *But with alternate colours dark and bright,
The glaring contrast shocks the moral sight.*

Such a contrast of colours was exhibited in the characters of the Alcibiadeses, Cesars, Whartons, and Bolingbokes of their day: the character of Lord Bolingbroke is so admirably painted by Lord Chesterfield, that I will make no apology for introducing it here, though it be well known.

"Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more shining from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum: His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed

to all the extravagancy of the most frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger—Ambition.”

(k) *Happy as Demonax.*

Demonax was the good Philosopher of Cyprus, as described by Lucian: he lived to the age of a hundred. He was a wit, a man of genius, and a virtuous citizen.

THE
QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FETE.

**Come forth,
And taste the air of palaces.**

Ben Jonson's "Alchemist."

THE
QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FETE.

I.

THE Queen of fair Golconda is "at home :"
Her palace (its immensities must bar
Description) is of gold ; the blazing dome
Of one entire ruby, from afar
Shines like the sun in his autumnal car
Crowning a saffron mountain ; e'en the proud
Zamorim's palace is as a twinkling star (*)
Compared with this. And now the tromp aloud
Proclaims the guests are come to an admiring crowd.

II.

The ceilings, crusted o'er with diamonds, blaze,
A galaxy of stars, room after room !
The lights interminable all amaze ;
But far more dazzling are the fair in bloom
Of youth, whose eyes kind answering looks illumine.
Ah ! where the Muse of greater bards must fail
In painting female charms, shall mine presume
To try her hand ? thou similes be stale,
Yet she to fancy's eye their beauties will unveil.

III.

As delicately shaped as the gazelle ;
As beautiful as is the blush of morn ;
As gay as Hebe, ere alas ! she fell ;
Fair as Dione in her car upborne
By little Loves, while Tritons wind the horn ;
Splendid as young Zenobia in their dress
(Crowns bright as sunny beams their hair adorn
They were. This perfect festival to bless,
Art, Beauty, Nature, Grace, combine their loveliness !

IV.

Oh Youth and Beauty ! Nature's choicest gems,
All Art's adornments ye for aye outshine :
Far more attractive than the diadems
That ever glitter'd on the brow divine
Of the wise king, or, great Darius, thine.
Though time may dim your lustre, in my heart
Your charms shall be enshrined, while life is mine.
Yet sad experience will this truth impart
To loveliest maid on earth—a fading thing thou art.

V.

The Prophet has not to his faithful given
(So prodigal of what *he* could not give)
Such bliss refined in *his* Arabian Heaven,
As that which they enjoy who here arrive.
Vain bliss indeed ! that through a night may live !
Let but her joys be guiltless, Mirth again
Will, when the season sweet returns, revive !
Then let to-morrow bring or bliss, or pain :
All are united now by Pleasure's flowery chain.

VI.

Fair silver pillars grace the spacious halls :
The pavement is mosaic ; precious stones
Enrich with intermingling hues the walls ;
And emerald vines o'ercanopy the thrones,
Robed in all colours that the Pavone ^(b) owns.
And music, with its magic influence, makes
The heart responsive to its tender tones :
A master-spirit now the harp awakes,
Till to its inmost core each hearer's bosom shakes !

VII.

And here and there from golden urns arise,
Impregn'd with perfumes, purple clouds,—that throw,
Like hues just caught from fair Ausonia's skies, ^(c)
Throughout the palace an Elysian glow,—
Odorous as roses when they newly blow.
And couches, splendid as the gorgeous light
Of the declining sun, or high or low,
As suits capricious luxury, invite
To sweet repose indeed each pleasure-laden wight.

VIII.

I pass the dance, the converse soft between,
As fly the hours along with rapid pace.
Lo ! in her chair of state Golconda's Queen
Sits goddess-like ; majestic is her face,
Yet mild, as well becomes her pride of place.
Even Fatima in pomp of beauty ne'er (^d)
Received fair Montague with such a grace
As this all-beauteous Queen withouten glare
Of rank receives her guests—how winning is her air !

IX.

Profusely gay, th' exuberance of joy
All feel ; all feel their spirits mounting high !
One feast of happiness, that ne'er can cloy,
Life seems to them, though death perchance be nigh.
Why should fair bosoms ever heave a sigh ?
Life is with love so closely knit, what kills
Love in young breasts may dim the brightest eye.
Yet tears, that eloquently speak of ills,
Are as medicinal balm when grief the heart o'erfills.

X.

In whirls fantastical the waters dance,
Springing from fountains jasper-paved ; the noon
Of night their sparkling freshness doth enhance.
How glorious is the cupola ! a moon
Of pearl shines mildly o'er the vast saloon.
Fair Queen of night, shall Art then imitate
Thy quiet majesty ? in sooth as soon
Might the poor pageantries of regal state
On earth, Heaven's matchless splendours vainly emulate !

XI.

The banquet is prepared with sumptuous cost ;
Flagons of massive gold here flame around !
Amid the piles of wealth distinction's lost,
And splendours without end, the mind astound !
All that can feast the senses here abound ;
Invention's highly-gifted sons unfold
(So fine their art, the like was never found,)
Peris most exquisitely wrought in gold,
And other delicate sprights in Eastern fables told !



XII.

As if "instinct with living spirits," sing
Birds of a thousand colours ; and their hues,
Brilliant as flowers that o'er the meads in spring
Their gay variety of tints diffuse,
Would e'en the painter's shrewdest ken confuse.
And Art, how wonderful ! has raised a tree
To rival Nature ; (for such toys amuse
Those who despise dear Nature's charms,) and see
As the boughs stir—the birds all join in harmony. (*)

XIII.

Wealth, inexhaustible as Danæ's shower,
That pen can scarcely blazon, thought conceive,
Excels not in itself the meanest flower
That Innocence within her hair might weave
Wandering on Avon's banks, this lovely eve !
Even Nature's humblest things can stir those deep
Feelings within us that will ne'er deceive.
Cherish these deep-sown feelings, ye shall reap
A harvest of delight, when Pride in dust shall sleep.



to all the extravagancy of the most frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger—Ambition.”

(^k) *Happy as Demonax.*

Demonax was the good Philosopher of Cyprus, as described by Lucian : he lived to the age of a hundred. He was a wit, a man of genius, and a virtuous citizen.

**THE
QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FETE.**

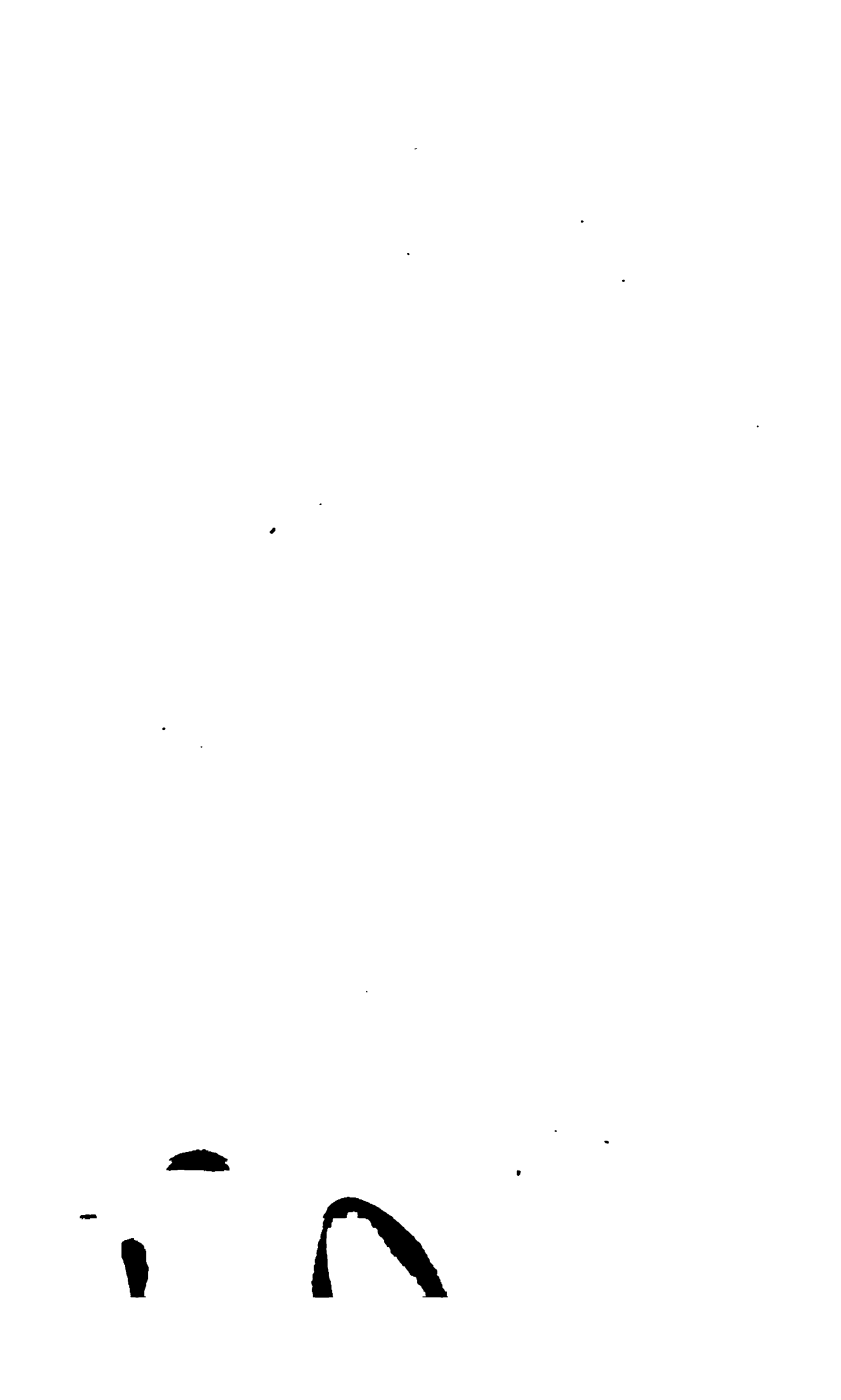
attractive manners of the "fair Fatima," is from Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.

She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!——But her eyes!——large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

(^e) Among other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. x. p. 38, 8vo. edition.



THE VIEW.

G



Say, why was man so eminently raised,
Amid the vast creation ? Why ordained,
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal power,
As in a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice ; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering.

Akenside.

THE VIEW. (•)

I.

THE world has seen strange change ; yet here art thou,
Mont Blanc, while generations pass away ;
Thy vast heights glistening with untrodden snow,
On which the sun at eve imprints his ray ;
There lingers yet the mild farewell of day.
The blue lake sleeps below in tranquil sheen ;
Here among Nature's miracles I'll pray
To Nature's Deity ; how vast the scene !
The loveliest works of God—the grandest too are seen !

II.

Here from our slumbers light we rise to feel
The consciousness of being ; fresh and free
The soul pours forth its orisons with zeal
To the great Spirit of Eternity
That was, that is, and shall for ever be.
The fertile valleys, giant mountains, prove
The Omnipresence of the Deity !
Blest emblems of his wisdom, power, and love,
Pervading all things here—around, below, above.

III.

The golden sun has colour'd all the woods !
Fresh views succeed ; each brighter than the last !
There barren rocks are channell'd by the floods,
Here Flora's beauties cannot be surpast.
Lausanne, an universe of charms thou hast !
There winter 's fetter'd in his icy bed :
Steeps rise o'er steeps immeasurably vast :
While the rude crags, projecting over-head,
Strike in the stoutest hearts a momentary dread !

IV.

The ambitious rhododendron climbs the snow ;
Pines darken round the mountain's sides ; behold !
A thousand rills from icy caverns flow,
Rushing o'er rocks irregularly bold,
Where the tenacious sapling keeps its hold :
Below the dark stream with collected force
Still rolling on, as it has ever roll'd,
Through the wide plains shapes its resistless course,
As rude as Ocean's self ; as grand as is its source.

V.

Look on these glorious wonders ! think of Him,
Lord of a million worlds, that have, perchance,
Greater phenomena !—mine eyes grow dim,
With gazing on these heights as we advance :
Now all things seem envelop'd in a trance,
Save when at times the avalanche doth fall,
Startling the ear ; still at a vast distance
The masses of thick-ribbed ice appal
The soul, as if they form'd the world's extremest wall !

VI.

The prospect lengthens : far and far beneath
See cities, mansions, beautifully placed,
While the smoke rises in a frequent wreath
From cottages by greenest arbours graced.
These, like man's proudest works, may be defaced
By war's unsparing hand ; but yonder trees,
Self-planted, by thick-woven shrubs embraced,
They with their towering grandeur long will please :
How can the spoiler's axe fell forests such as these ?

VII.

The buoyancy of spirits, the wild hope
Of something undefinable, the joy
Of giving thus to all my feelings scope,
Feelings, which man's injustice can't destroy—
These bring back former years, and I 'm a boy,
Joyful as sailor in his bounding bark,
Whose rapid course no sudden squalls annoy ;
Wild as the stag that spurns his narrow park,
Light as the young chamois (^b), blythe as the mountain
lark!

VIII.

Is not the soul immortal? Whence its thought?
Its constant aspirations after bliss?
Its vast capacity for good, if nought
But a fortuitous element it is?
Away, nor preach a doctrine such as this!
For, by yon blessed sun-rise, there's a road,
Be but our faith unmoved, we cannot miss,
That leads us to that ever-blest abode
Where Mind perceives all things, not as here, thro' a
cloud.

IX.

At Vevai lies our Ludlow; there he dwelt,
The patriot exile; there he loved to roam;
There to the Father of all Mercies knelt;
There Freedom woo'd him in her own sweet home,
Presenting to his view an ample tome
Wherein was writ (in characters how true)
That an unyielding spirit doth become
Man, when the many govern'd by the few
Give to their masters praise that to their God is due.

X.

Yes ! the fresh air that penetrates around
Bids us think nobly ; mountains, too, sublime
The soul ; the free-wing'd things that here abound,
Tell us that passive virtue is a crime,
When tyrants would destroy the work of time !
Gaze on ! thy feelings here will teach thee more
Than doubtful legends, or than lying rhyme ;
Gaze on, and Heaven's magnificence adore !
Does not thine heart exult now to its very core ?

XI.

But, gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail (°)
With thy dark doctrines, and ascetic pride,
Where the ripe harvest smiles along the vale,
Where glows the vintage near Lake Leman's tide,
And all was mirth and cheerfulness beside ?
Why didst thou not to northern regions hie,
Or in some dreary wilderness abide ?
Why spread thy faith where Heav'n and earth deny
The truths of thy heart-withering creed of destiny ?

XII.

Yet Genius, eagle-eyed, has dared to raise
The torch of truth on high, and here his few,
His favour'd sons look'd up, with unblench'd gaze,
On its eternal brightness ; those who knew
The dignity of man and prized it too.
Alas ! to her, whose philosophic mind
Show'd more than manly strength, a long adieu !
What, tho' her thoughts were somewhat too refin'd (d)
She yet was Freedom's daughter—Pride of woman-kind !

XIII.

Sweet wanderer ! art thou not happy now,
Climbing the mountain steep with fairy feet,
Thy cheeks carnation'd with health's vivid glow,
Not flushing with the ball-room's impure heat ?
Is not thy simple rural feast more sweet
Than gorgeous suppers ? and the lovely things
That court thy steps, companions far more meet
For Nature's child, than those poor vain worldlings
Who taint a woman's heart, then pierce it with their stings ?

XIV.

Thou might'st a model to Canova be
For young Diana, with thy steps of lightness ;
And none of living sculptors, none save he,
Could image forth thy look of angel brightness.
His Psyche's scarce excels thy bosom's whiteness !
Such as thou art, all-beauteous, and all-fair,
Oh, may'st thou never trust the world's *politeness*,
But always breathe with joy as pure an air,
Fresh as is yon wild-flower, that shuns the sun's full glare.

XV.

Had man no other duties (*) he might live
In yonder vale ; his second Paradise ;
Enjoying all that pure content can give :
And while he lives, be, without learning, wise,
Winning by silent prayer his heavenly prize.
But this must never be : he can't forsake
His post, though stung by calumny and lies.
No ! rather let him be the more awake !
Give back his foemen blows that he is forced to take.

XVI.

It is the lot of all to be reviled,
And who can hope to 'scape that general lot ?
Not I : the traitor-friend, who lately smiled
And cringed before me, now remembers not
Past favours ; what, are benefits forgot ?
Ay more, not mere ingratitude, but hate,
Hate, with his ready sponge, will quickly blot
Out from the memory's tablet, sign or date
Of friendship there ; and then hypocrisy will prate !

XVII.

No matter ; tares will grow up with the wheat :
And none but knaves deem all mankind the same.
Though in society there be deceit,
Yet *there* prevails the love of honest fame ;
Still on her altars Friendship's holy flame
Burns undiminish'd ; misanthropes may rail,
And sceptics smile, yet many could I name
Whose generous zeal was never known to fail,
Even in the hour of need, but then did most prevail.

XVIII.

The true friend's heart as yonder lake is calm ;
Pure as yon snows, but firm as mountain rocks :
His voice is as the glowing morn, a balm
To the hurt mind that 's felt the world's rough shocks ;
His looks as cheerful as the sun's bright locks :
This high-soul'd being fearlessly will shield
A falling brother from the scorner's mocks.
Oh ! when the book of life shall be unseal'd,
How gladly shall his name by Angels be reveal'd !

XIX.

Evils there are ; but many self-created
In this our busy world : why should we grieve
And murmur at our destiny, when fated
To be alone ? why should we learn to weave
The web of thought too finely, to deceive
Ourselves, not others ? still, where'er thou art,
'Mid cities, or near cottages, relieve
The poor man's wants, thou wilt perform thy part
Well on the stage of life, and blunt e'en Envy's dart !

XX.

Adieu, sweet country ! Of Helvetia's wrongs,
Even in my childhood, have I thought, and wept.
When the war-cry was heard where late the songs
Of Innocence spread mirth around ; where slept
The child securely ; where the goat-herd kept
His flocks untroubled : then the spoiler came,
Treading in innocent blood where'er he stept :
Hell's horrid offspring—Anarchy his name ;
Affecting Freedom's voice fair Freedom's cause to shame.

XXI.

Had France no Washingtons, Timoleons then,
To point the way to Virtue's temple ? read
The latest records of Corinna's pen,*
And Gallia's woes will make thy bosom bleed.
The plant she nourish'd was a poisonous weed ;
Her friends were foes, none prized the golden mean ;
Each wild lawgiver had his separate creed ;
All spoke in vain, the soldier rush'd between :
Th' imperial consul's pomp then closed th eventful' scene.

* Madame de Stael.

XXII.

All things have their alloy ; go southwards on,
See Italy, with varied landscapes gay,
A waste of sweets ; the sun ne'er shone upon
A lovelier country with a brighter ray ;
Her very winter's softer than our May ;
What are its natives now, but imps from hell
Peopling a Paradise ? ('t) though kinglings pray,
Those who degrade the human mind, as well
As Satan's self, 'gainst God's high purposes rebel !

XXIII.

Great Loyola ! how well thy sons succeed,
Dwarfing man's intellect to tread him down !
'Tis not enough that he must toil and bleed
To win for fellow-man, perchance, a crown :
But Superstition scares him with her frown.
Poor wretch ! to beg, to flatter, stab, or steal,
(Such are the vices Jesuits spare,) alone
He loves ; alas, to whom shall we appeal ?
Oh ! when will monarchs learn to prize the general weal ?

XXIV.

Here is Religion, rob'd in rich attire,
To please the eye, not meliorate the heart ;
Her pageantries, her glittering shrines, inspire
Devotion, in which *morals* have no part.
Does God delight in works of human mart ?
He heedeth not the labour of man's hands ;
He loves a soul devoid of guile and art ;
Fear him, and love him, honour his commands,
But his all-perfect state no earthly pomp demands !

XXV.

Quick are the Italian's feelings, prompt to wrong ;
Why may they not be then alive to good ?
In this sweet land of Music and of song,
The powers of the mind cannot be rude.
What then doth cause revenge and acts of blood ?
The vivid spirit that delights the muse,
Not the less willing when she 's fiercely woo'd.
Those impulses, how dangerous their abuse,
Which when directed well heroic acts produce.

XXVI.

'Twas here the light of science first broke forth
Amid the Gothic gloom of former ages ;
Strange change ! that light 's diffused throughout the
earth,
Yet Barbarism's evil genius rages
E'en in a country long since famed for sages.
Invasions, civil wars, the jealous strife
Of princes, sully here the historian's pages.
Awake, Italia's sons, awake to life ;
Throw off your foreign yoke, but scorn the inglorious knife.

XXVII.

Where Mind to marble gives a living grace—
Where Music's inspiration 's fully felt—
Where Poetry all passions doth embrace
In language form'd to rouse the soul, or melt—
Where too the Muse of Painting long has dwelt ;—
Can there be wanting courage-wakening men
Who have not to imperial tyrants knelt ?
Be what ye were in ages past again,
Brave Milanese (*), the spoilers must re-seek their den.

XXVIII.

And he, who mid dark cypresses and urns, (¹)
Mourns o'er the buried mighty ones, in verse
Plaintive as nightingale's sweet song—he burns
To avert from Lombardy's fair plains the curse
Of foreign slavery ; what plague is worse ?
In vain Bologna boasts her learned youth ;
In vain Firenze is of arts the nurse ;
The prisoner hates the light ; and lovely truth,
When seen and not embraced, heightens our woes in sooth.

XXIX.

But Leopold's kind genius yet presides
O'er rich Etruria's gardens ; *there* is man
Comparatively happy ; there resides
Smiling Content. Though short may be the span
Of life, when princes do what good they can
They live for ever, not in marble busts,
While the poor subject's looks are pale and wan,
Not in some courtly verse that lauds their lusts,
But that in general wealth the stranger ne'er distrusts.

XXX.

The exuberant produce Ceres here brings forth,
(For *here* if husbanded she cannot fail,)
Shows him at once the patriot monarch's worth.
The numerous houses, studding hill and dale,
The fattening olive with its leaves so pale,
The cheerful peasantry, (for years must pass
Ere laws that tend to improve mankind can fail
In doing good, though scarce observed, alas !)
Honour his memory more than monuments of brass.

XXXI.

I dream not of Utopias, nor a race
Of patriot kings ; men may be better'd yet :
If power be but administer'd with grace,
Let monarchs shine in robes all gorgeous ; let
The statesman boast his star and coronet :
But as for those who first insult and scorn,
Then catch within their Machiavelian net
The freeborn mind, though diadems adorn
Their brows, they hardly rank 'bove knaves ignobly born.

O ITALY ! rich in thy wood-cover'd mountains,
Thy rainbow-crown'd falls, and their ever-green foun-
tains ;
Thy skies in the thunder-storms, even, are bright,
With the rapid effulgence of rose-colour'd light ;
Thy shores do embrace, with their vast arms, the deep,
On whose blue tranquil bosom the sun loves to sleep ;
While silvery mists round its islets are gleaming,
And gauze-clouds along the horizon are streaming ;
And Horace yet lives near his favourite hill ;
(The delicate air breathes his poetry still ;)
Thy temples decay ; still their ruins are seen,
Half grey through old time, or with ivy half green ;
The fig-tree, pomegranate, pinastre, and vine,
The blossoming almond-tree's blushes, are thine :
But thy heroes are dust, and thy spirit is fled,
And the last of thy warriors, the White-Plumed, is dead !

XXXII.

AMID rich orange-trees, whose beauteous fruit
Glow like the western sun with deepened hue ;
Where carelessly the southern plants up shoot,
Their green contrasting to the sky's deep blue—
Think ye to find Arcadian fables true ?
Vain hope ! pale misery sallows every face,
Yet still to Nature's works full praise is due :
Oft in the peasant's wretched looks ye trace
Some lineaments unspoil'd as yet of manly grace.

XXXIII.

Such were my thoughts when fast from Ischia's isle
The little vessel bore me ; as the glare
Of noon-day soften'd down itself awhile,
A passing breeze o'er Baiæ's bay so fair
Gave a delicious fragrance to the air.
Sunny Neapolis ! thy loveliness
Of clime, thy fruitage, thy luxurious fare,
Pamper thy sons with sensual excess ;
Thy daughters dream of nought save lustful wantonness !

XXXIV.

Here all is strenuous idleness ! the hum
Of men, like children bustling about nought :
The bawling mountebank, and frequent drum,
Are glorious substitutes for troublous thought ;
While business is unheeded and unsought.
Here to the last they whirl around ; the bier
Bears to the grave some noisy trifle caught
By death ; the world's epitome is here ;
The sight provokes a smile, yet mingled with a tear !

XXXV.

Give Italy *one* Master, she will thrive
Again, and triumph in her countless stores :
But bigots with their deadening influence drive
Wealth from her lands, and commerce from her shores,
While Heaven its choicest gifts in vain out-pours.
When Monks, in locust-swarms, oppress the soil,
When the vile spy of Government explores
The people's wealth—the industrious will not toil
To enrich their *puny* Masters with a greater spoil.

XXXVI.

Nor splendid portraitures, nor beds of state,
For the rich ceiling's gay magnificence ;
Nor sumptuousness of feasts, nor massy plate,
Nor all the vain adornments of expense ;
Nor marble statues, though Canova's, whence
Beauty an almost breathing charm puts forth ;
Nor heads of bronze, that seem inform'd with sense,
Can give to sorrowing hearts a moment's mirth,
Or soften down the pangs of care-worn sons of earth !

XXXVII.

"Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow,"
Thought doth pervade the universe ; we seem
More than this world can circumscribe to know ;
Yet is our life but one protracted dream,
For moralizing fools an endless theme.
He, whom gaunt evil smites—whose days, though few,
In thought are numberless, he well may deem
That under Heaven there is nought that's new,
His sole delight at length fair Nature's scenes to view.

XXXVIII.

What is the pomp of art to him who loves
On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air ? (')
Or with a Humboldt fortunately roves
Through forests deep ?—though all is savage there,
Yet Nature seems to him for ever fair.
As near the river's slow majestic course,
Onward he roves, forgetful of past care ;
His soul mounts up unto that very source
Whence all existence springs, with an unusual force !

XXXIX.

Eternity—how wonderful it is !
A shoreless Ocean—nothing, every thing !
To be for ever what I shall be—this
Far, far exceeds the mind's imagining, (k)
Though it would soar for ever on the wing,
To reach a Kepler's, Newton's height !—'tis vain :
Yet some will dream of a perpetual spring :
These dreams perchance may please a vacant brain,
But in our sober mood are quitted with disdain !

XL.

See Cæsar baffled by a little state !
Such is the will of HIM who doth command
Empires to rise, decay, regenerate ;
Who weigheth worlds as balls within His hand ;
Whose wrath not Hell's fierce legions may withstand ;
Who is enthroned in light, Ancient of Days !
The pure Intelligence, whose wisdom plann'd
This universal frame. His be the praise !
Creatures of clay, to HIM your loud thanksgivings raise !

XLI.

The mind that well doth exercise its powers
Shall to the perfect beauty be allied, (¹)
When, from this grosser frame released, it towers
Above the reach of earth-born care or pride.
Yet must it be through ages purified,
Ere it can live near God's eternal throne ;
Ere it can bask in glory's luminous tide ;
That sun of suns, unmingled and alone, (^m)
Whose everlasting light on earth has never shone !

XLII.

The God-head dwells with thee, thou blessed one,
Cowper, though some deride thy pious song,
Too pure for them:—the sun of genius shone
On thy immortal mind, that scorn'd the throng
Of busy triflers, as they moved along,
Fretting themselves with brain-born dreams, that mar
Man's proudest hopes: to thy sweet verse belong
Those soothing strains, that bid the violent jar
Of passions cease, and still the bosom's inward war!

XLIII.

Oh, could I seek at length those happy Isles
Where 'tis a sensual pleasure even to breathe;
Where Nature in her classic livery smiles,
And gives to Byron's muse a deathless wreath;
Where youth is life, age slumbers into death;
Where bowers to meditation dear abound;
Where glow the heavens above, the flowers beneath;
Where every nook is consecrated ground;
And songs of other times float in the air around!

XLIV.

Then might appear to me dear Liberty,
(But in a dream,)—whole hosts before her driven :
A sun-beam is her spear—she strikes, and see (a)
Its touch consumeth like the burning levin—
Or like a comet hurl'd to earth from heaven !
A fierce disdain is flashing from her eye.
Thus look'd Apollo, when, asunder riven,
The monster serpent writh'd in agony;
Then all convulsed, at length expired with hideous cry !

XLV.

She triumphs now : a laureate band attend
Her steps, while Æschylus awakes the lyre :
Before her now the mighty masters bend :
“ A slave 's no man !” thus sings their Godlike Sire : *
His strains the whole triumphant race inspire.
O glorious sight !—And is it all a dream ?
No—no. Columbia has her souls of fire ;
The dawning light of science there doth gleam,
There Poets must arise, since Liberty 's the theme !

* Homer.

NOTES ON "THE VIEW."

(*) This little Poem (*if such it may be called,*) was written in the Autumn of the year 1818, during a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

(b) *Light as the young chamois.*

The chamois is an animal remarkable for its activity in scouring along the craggy rocks, and in leaping over the precipices. It is a species of antelope, though Linnæus has classed it in the goat genus under the name of *rupicapra* or mountain-goat.—*Coxe's Travels in Switzerland*, Vol. I., Letter 29, Page 342-44.

(c) *But, gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail?*

Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in the year 1509. He first studied the Civil Law : afterwards retiring to Basil,

he turned his thoughts to the study of Divinity, and published there his *Institutions*, which he dedicated to Francis I. He was made Professor of Divinity at Geneva, A.D. 1536. The year following he prevailed with the people to subscribe a confession of faith, and to renounce the Pope's authority; but, carrying the matter a little farther than was agreeable to the Government, he was obliged to retire from Geneva, upon which he set up a French church at Strasburg, in Germany, and was himself the first minister of it. But the town of Geneva inviting him to return, he came back thither in September 1541. The first thing he did was to settle a form of discipline and consistorial jurisdiction, and he gained himself many enemies by his inflexible severity in maintaining the rights and jurisdiction of his consistory). He was a person of great parts, indefatigable industry, and considerable learning. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, in 1594.—*Boughton's Dictionary*, article *Calvinists*.

(^d) *What, tho' her thoughts were somewhat too refin'd.*

I allude to Madame de Stael; but more particularly to the Third Volume of her "*Allemagne*," and to her philosophical works. Her last (*Considérations sur les Principaux Evénemens de la Révolution Française*) has no theoretical refinements whatever. Her language is sober and correct, though sufficiently energetic; and her ideas, if I may so express myself, quite *English*.

(e) *Had man no other duties.*

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees its adversary; but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—*Milton's Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

(f) *What are its natives now, butimps from hell
Peopling a Paradise?*

This is the character an Italian gave me of his own countrymen. All are not such, however. Italy, trampled upon and degraded, still may possess many men of virtue and spirit; but, in the present state of things, what can *they* do towards ameliorating the condition of their countrymen? "The victim, by turns, of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has fallen, like a star from its place in heaven; she has seen her harvests trodden down by the horses of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own; *Conquering or conquered*, in the indignant language of her poet, *still alike a slave*; a long retribution for the tyranny of Rome."—*Hallam's View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, Vol. I. Page 255.

(g) *Be what ye were in ages past again, brave Milanese.*

The efforts which the Milanese made to resist the tyrant-

ny of Frederic Barbarossa, may rival the noblest exertions of the Spartans or the Athenians.—See *Sismondi Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, Tome ii. *passim*.

(^h) *And he who mid dark cypresses and urns.*

UGO FOSCOLO. See his "*Carme de' Sepolchri*," and his "*Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*."

(ⁱ) *On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air.*

"Thus, on the shore of the South Sea, after the long rains of winter, when the transparency of the air has suddenly increased, we see Chimborazo appear like a cloud at the horizon; it detaches itself from the neighbouring summits, and towers over the whole chain of the Andes, like that majestic dome produced by the genius of Michael Angelo over the antique monuments which surround the Capitol."—*Humboldt's Researches*, Vol. I."

(^k) *Far, far exceeds the mind's imagining.*

But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy Throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.—*Dryden*.

(^l) *Shall to the perfect beauty be allied.*

"The first fair, and pulchritude itself."—*St. Cyril.*

(^m) *That sun of suns, unmingled and alone.*

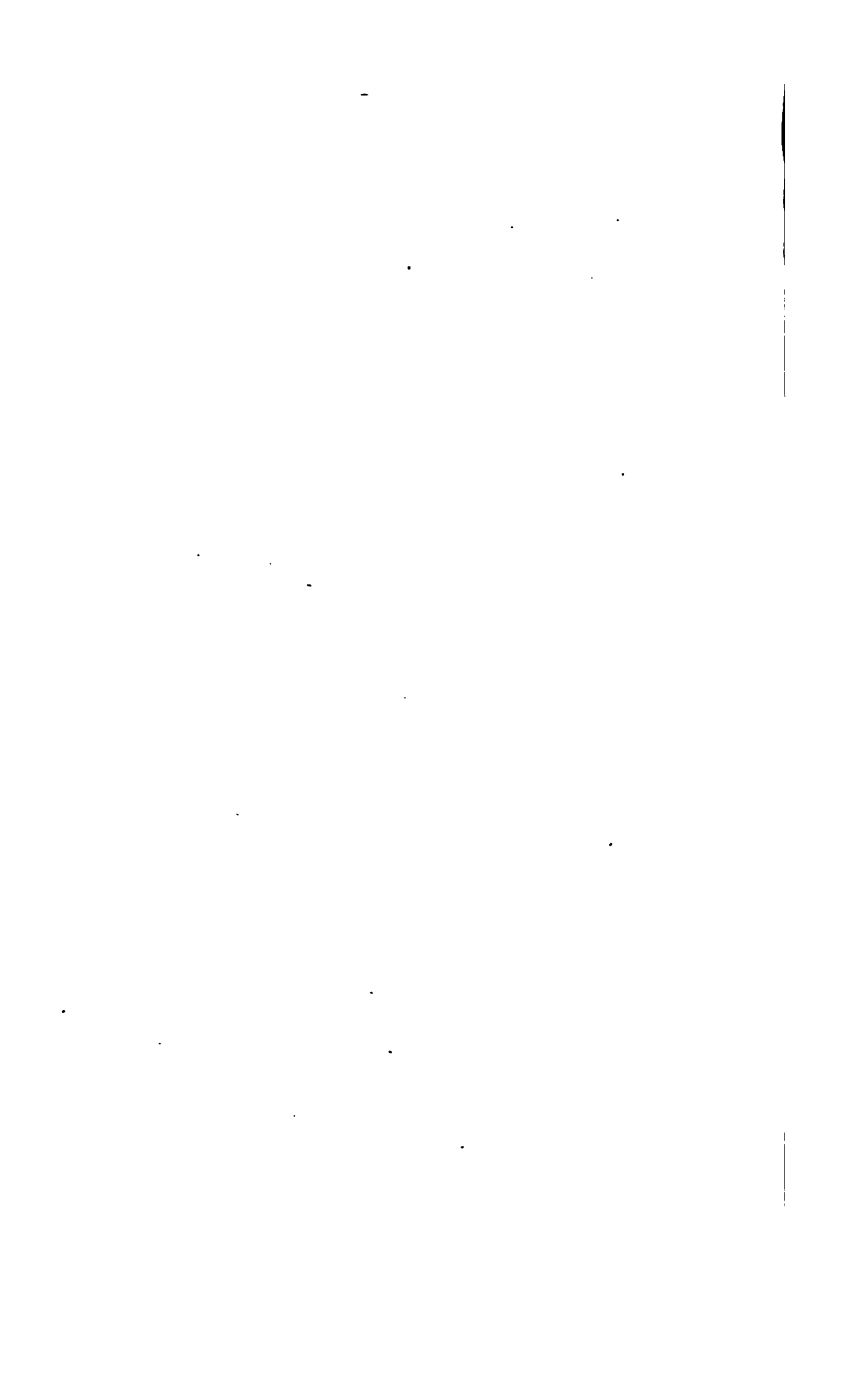
"O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi."—*Dante.*

(ⁿ) *A sun-beam is her spear—she strikes, and see.*

Chatterton has given this all-piercing weapon to Power.

Power wythe his heafod straught unto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre.

Chorus to Goddwyn.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



INVITATION
TO
THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

THIS is the balmy breathing-time of spring,
All Nature smiles, and Mirth is on the wing ;
The sun is shining on this lovely scene,
Gladd'ning with light the meadow's tender green,
Studding the waters with its lustrous gems,
More brilliant than ten thousand diadems.
Beautiful AVON !—how can I pourtray
Thy varied charms, where'er thou wind'st thy way ?
Now through the sunny meads,—now in the glade
Thou sleep'st, beneath the wood's o'er-arching shade.
The “sedge-crown'd” Naiads, from their cool retreats,
Welcome my lov'd one, with their gather'd sweets.—

We cull'd these flowers at break of day,
Take, oh, take them, lady fair ;
Fresh in the light of the morning ray,
They glisten on thy nut-brown hair.
Merrily, merrily in the trees,
The birds are merrily singing—
While rose-buds are opening,
And fruit-trees are blossoming.
How clear—how musical
Is yonder water-fall !—
Oh, God ! how glorious is the genial ray
That issues from thy "Light of lights," to day !

Now seek we, my love, yon green-flourishing wood,
That long in theatric luxuriance has stood,
Where paths intersect its dank moss-cover'd steep,
And above 's a turf gallery ample and deep.
Their temples with ivy and oak-apples crown'd,
See, the wood-nymphs advance, now they all dance
around ;

**Their leafy adornments now rustle and play
With their light limbs as briskly they foot it away :**

Come—beneath yon bowering tree
We've prepar'd a couch for thee ;
Such a couch was never seen
Even by our chaste-eye'd queen ;
Dione never laid her head
On such a spring-embellish'd bed,
Nor Galatea's bosom heaved
Beneath a beech more richly leaved.—
We have rifled of their flowers
All the many-colour'd bowers.
Sweet to us are thy beauties rare,
But sweeter the scent of vernal air ;
Sweet is Cytherea's breath,
But fresher, far, is Flora's wreath.

**Thy voice, like the harp of Arion, may please,
But give us the murmuring hum of the bees.**

By Pan, thou art a sylvan fairy,
As light, as elegant, as airy ;
With thy tresses loosely flowing,
And thy well-turn'd ankles showing.
Now we place a leafy vest
O'er thy "gently-budding" breast ;
While virgins bring their coronets
Of pearls, and blue-vein'd violets,
Showering flowers as is most meet,
Before thy neatly-sandall'd feet ;
And fragrance-breathing zephyrs bless
Thy cheeks with passing freshness.

"Tis night !

And SHAKSPEARE, near this river, gazed upon
The lovely moon, that now as softly smiles
Upon the stream, as if Endymion
Was bathing there ;—Shakspeare, the kindest, best
Of casuists, who knew humanity,
Nor deem'd the gravest the *elect* of Heaven !—

See, there's "high-graced" Oberon,
Prince of fairy land,
A moving throne he sits upon,
The sceptre's in his hand.
All-glorious his attire,
With jewels powder'd o'er ;
Each with his silver lyre,
The minstrels go before :—
As dazzling in their cars,
As numerous, as stars
That in Cumana's clime
Fall by thousands at a time ;
With their winglets as profuse
As the humming-bird's of hues ;
The light-encircled queen
Now trips along the green ;
As beauteous as the rose,
Which white lilies enclose.

ODE
ON THE LAMENTED DEATH
OF THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES AND
SAXE COBOURG.

Τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους ἐφ' ἐρίας ἀχῇ
Τὰδ' ἐστὶ, καὶ τῶνδ' ὑπερβατώτερα
Τὸ ὡὼν δ' ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος αἶας συνορμένοις
Πένθεια τλησικάρδιος
Δόμων ἐκείνου ὠρεται.

Æschyl. Agamem.

Now all was quiet and serene,
Hope's morning star on earth was seen
Its light our bosoms cheered :
Then, then, the hurricane arose,
The dreadful tempest of our woes,
And nought but gloom appeared.

The festal song is o'er—
The voice of mirth no more
Is heard throughout the land :
With quivering lips and pale,
The young and old bewail
The Almighty's dread command !

Grim death ! oh what a blow thou gav'st us here !
The thought is ev'n too bitter for a tear ;
It spreads a gloom that never will depart,
A settled thunder-cloud around the heart.

And she is nothingness, who late
With joy, and hope, and love elate,
A fairy vision seem'd !
She realized those pleasures known
To few, to none who wear a crown,
Nor ev'n of sorrow dream'd.
But who can paint that dreadful grief
That asks not, wishes not relief ?

The fierce, unutterable anguish,
That shuddering pity must conceal :
It gnaws within her widow'd consort's breast,
(Ah ! happy once, with smiling pleasures blest !)
And will not through exhaustion languish—
Oh ! who would this reveal ?

Was it for *this* that Hymen join'd their hands,
Amid a people's shouts, in rosy bands,
That when with loyal hopes all hearts were gay,
His lovely bride should thus be torn away ?
We hop'd to hear the merry bells :
Alas ! they're chang'd to funeral knells !
Heard ye the solemn sound ?
Again it tolls—the bell profound.

Would it were fancy ! but she's gone—
The truest, dearest, loveliest one
That e'er a nation's wishes blest,
That e'er a husband's love possest ;

Friend to the poor, the fatherless,
Friend to all virtue in distress !
But wherefore grieve we so ?
There 's selfishness in woe.

Angels of love, with gratulations high,
Welcome their sister-spirit to the sky :
O ever-living bride ! all beauteous sprite !
With them thou dwell'st in everlasting light.
Not her's the glare of royalty—
The pride, or pomp of place ;
But mild, domestic charity,
And every winning grace.

Yet death has dimm'd the lustre of her eyes ;
In lifeless loveliness his victim lies ;
Britannia, frantic, clasps her favourite's urn ;
Wit, Virtue, Beauty, for their darling mourn.
But through the royal house,

ODE ON THE DEATH OF

No loud laments arise :
Silence that loathes repose
There stalks with tearful eyes.

Ne'er may our querulous complaints intrude

On the lone mourner's sacred solitude :

The flower is broken from its stem,

The ring has lost its only gem :

O! princely Claremont, wither'd be thy bow'rs ;

Cold is the hand that cull'd thy fairest flowers :

Like them, in bloom of youth she died !

Go, tell it to the house of pride—

Mock the self-loving fair—

Go, whisper in the ear of kings,

(While death aside the curtain flings

And shows his victim there,

Cold, voiceless, joyless, motionless—)

How vain is human happiness !

Away, away, it is not meet
To view her in her winding-sheet :
I see her on her sapphire throne,
A circling halo is her crown ;
A halo of eternal light :
How mild her features seem, and yet how heavenly
bright !

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS CANOVA.

I.

WHERE is he now? an awful question! where?
'Mid disembodied sprights in realms of light,
Viewing angelic shapes more dazzling there,
Than those which gave him while on earth delight:
Such as appear'd unto his mental sight,
When he would dare create, what Art alone
Like his could realize, a goddess bright,
A Hebe, or a Grace without her zone,
Or all that poets dream of Beauty's queen, in stone.

II.

Whate'er of beautiful, high-minded Greece
 Imagined, from Canova's chisel sprung :
 And must that master-hand for ever cease
 To mould those forms so graceful and so young,
 In praise of which the mystic bards have sung ?
 Those forms, o'er which ideal loveliness
 Is, as it were, by touch ethereal flung !
 That hand, which in cold marble could express
 All-perfect beauty, youth, eternal happiness !

III.

His delicate Hebe almost seems to move :
 So light thy step, fair daughter of the skies !
 Thou art the gentle power that waits on Jove :
 Thou art the flower of youth that never dies.
 Sure 'tis a spirit that delights our eyes !
 But Psyche, a celestial lover's pride,
 With her sweet rival in proportion vies ;
 While beaming, like a twin-star at her side.
 Cupid, as finely wrought, clasps his life-giving bride.

IV.

O ! 'tis a super-human skill that turns
To being such creations of the brain
As the fond worshipper of fancy burns
To paint in glowing colours, but in vain.
Look on these breathing marbles—look again—
They are the visions of our youth brought forth,
Though motionless, yet beautiful ! no stain
Sullies their charms ; they are not of this earth,
But pure, as when the bards' conceptions gave them birth.

V.

How o'er the sculptor's manly features play'd
The light of genius, as with modest zeal
He spoke of those immortal works survey'd
By him, with raptures such as *he* must feel
To whom Art loves her secrets to reveal.
The Phidian fragments ! in decay sublime,
Whence Art gives laws 'gainst which there's no appeal.
Such were man's labours in the olden time,
When freedom quicken'd thought, and a soul-waken-
ing clime.

VI.

Yet in Canova's mind were nursed those fine
Imaginings, that, but by few possess,
We call, adoring their results, divine ;
Since those who have them are indeed most blest
Of mortal beings, far above the rest.
The *poetry* of sculpture must be caught
From Heaven : it gives a feeling unexpressed
When bodied forth, to those by Art untaught :
'Tis an ambrosial flame—the very soul of thought.

December, 1822.

VERSES

ON NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE :

Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols : the worms are spread under thee, and the worms cover thee :—

How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations !

Isiah.

HE whom plumed victory placed upon her throne,
The despot lord of Europe, he is gone !
Whose power, whene'er its death-flag was unfurl'd,
Breath'd out destruction o'er a trembling world :
All irresistible, it seem'd to bind,
As with a magic spell, the o'ermaster'd mind.
Cradled amid the storms of war, the child
Of anarchy fought well, and fortune smil'd.
The consul would be emperor, inthron'd
He play'd the tyrant ; France obey'd, and groan'd.

Ambitious self-destroyer ! grasping all,
'Till nations burst indignant from their thrall ;
'Till the insulted master of the North
Awoke, and sent his hardy legions forth.
The mighty warrior flies, his men are lost,
Their strength avails not 'gainst a Scythian frost.
Baffled ambition scorns to feel : he ey'd
Their stiffening corpses with a sullen pride,
Cursing his fallen star, that rose again
Terrific to his foes, and not in vain ;
'Till England with her lion-banner's might
Check'd the imperial eagle's second flight.

What were his feelings when an exile, far
From his once glorious theatre of war ?
Fame, conquest, empire vanishing—what left ?
Life : but of all that gave him life bereft.
Unpitied, since he laugh'd at others' woe,
And hated as an unrelenting foe.

With him were feasible, so vast his schemes,
Such plans as please a madman in his dreams.
As a high-crested dragon with his wings
Beats foemen down, he smote the pride of kings.
Self was his idol, self; 'twas nought to him
If thousands fell, so he might please his whim.

Was he a spirit sent to scourge mankind
For vice? to dazzle them till they were blind?
As potent as the magic shield of old,*
Withering the strength of all who dared behold.

He hated converse: his o'erweening pride
Taught him man's social pleasures to deride:
Men were his instruments, and he could have
Nothing in common with them but a grave.
As wave succeeding wave breaks on the shore,
Tyrants o'erleap their bounds and are no more.

* This wonderful shield belonged to Atlante, but afterwards was possessed by Ruggiero.—See Ariosto, Canto 2.



His course was rapid, he has pass'd away,
 In time's vast book a tale of yesterday ;
 And he who held the proudest kings in awe
 Of his imperious will, to them a law,
 Now lies alone in a far distant isle !
 Well might philosophy at grandeur smile.
 The ill Napoleon did we all well know,
 Each day the good he might have done, will show.
 Through him Italia might again have been
 Renown'd in arms as she 's of arts the Queen ;
 Nor would the Austrian fox have dared by stealth
 To snatch, though now he rudely takes her wealth.
 The cloud of selfishness will ne'er decrease
 That glooms the prospect of a lasting peace,
 'Till Christian kings the Christian maxim heed :
 God never doom'd mankind to crouch and bleed.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THY wooded hills, Firenze, castle crown'd,
In beautiful luxuriance rise around :
What sweetly-blended hues enchant the sight
As the sun 'gins to soften down his light !
On houses, olives, vineyards, crags, he glows,
All Nature woos him as he smiles repose.
The purple-coloured Apennines appear
Like fairy-mountains painted in the air :
While o'er the fertile vale, where Arno flows,
The Queen of beauty's sacred myrtle grows.

O ! what is love by poets deified,
Compared with friendship in all dangers tried ?
Gonzalvo to his Lara could not be
A firmer friend than Henry was to me.

Could not this balmy clime restore his health,
Where Nature boon has lavish'd all her wealth ?
Alas ! Consumption gives a sickly hue
To wood-crown'd hills, rich vales, and skies of deepest blue.

Busy Remembrance ! why call up in vain
Those happy nights, that ne'er will come again,
When in our mock-debates young Henry's mind
Show'd a ripe judgment, and a taste refin'd !

FLORENCE, *October 2.*

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,
AT
CHAMOUNI.

THOUGH I might visit scenes which show
The littleness of pride ;
Mountains whose heights, o'ertopped with snow,
Man's venturous foot deride ;
Though on the master-works of art
Intensely I might gaze,
'Till words do but express in part
The fulness of amaze ;
Or as o'er ashes of the mighty dead,
With mixed belief and doubtfulness, I tread,—
Still, England, still my mind will dwell
On thee, and those I love as well !



TO MY INFANT CHILD.

SLEEP, my sweet child, within thy mother's arms,
And Heaven protect thy future years from harms !
From throngs of passions that assail the best :
From friendship violated ; love unblest ;
From fashion's honours purchased at the price
Of health, vain honours, oft allied to vice.

Sleep on, sweet Constance, at thy mother's breast ;
Thy proper nurse is watching o'er thy rest :
She gazes on thee with an anxious eye,
And meditates thy future destiny.
On earthly things have angels ever smiled ?
On one—the mother bending o'er her child.

Best type of peace, of innocence, and love :
Beautiful feelings here—how pure above !

Rich is the flower's perfume, sweet girl, to thee ;
Richer in fragrance shall the musk-rose be,
When the young world may open to thy view,
And nature's charms, too soon forgot, are new.
Long be thy mother's fair attractions thine ;
To talent, sense—to beauty, virtue join ;
To unaffected sprightliness add ease ;—
Coquettes may smile, but these will ever please.

Great Spirit of the universe, protect
This child, and may she ne'er thy works neglect ;
But trace in lowliest weeds thy hand divine,
As true, as in yon glorious orbs that shine.

TO THE MEMORY OF COLLINS.

GREAT Bard, to thee belong
The spirits of the mystic song.
Thou hast found, 'bove all thy race,
Sweet Poesy's most hallow'd place :
Where sunbright beings, veil'd from sight,
To thee alone reveal their light.
In fancy's cell, in midnight storm,
Each passion has its proper form.
Glaring amid the gloom of night
The foaming flood gave thee delight ;
But ah ! the softness of thy lay,
Is mild as summer-close of day,
When o'er Fidele's grassy tomb
Thou scatterest flowers of earliest bloom.

No self-complaint thy mind reveals,
But solely for another feels :
Though it has suffer'd deep distress,
How exquisite its tenderness !
Since pity, peace, and mercy, seem,
In sooth, to be thy frequent theme ;
And love, that royal shepherds know
In climes where brighter suns do glow.

Bard of the East ! a poet sweet
As thee, we ne'er again may greet.
Where does thy gentle spright abide
All-seeing fancy by its side ?
Where sky-born forms are flitting near,
To charm it through " th' eternal year."

NOTHING.

Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as 'one would,' and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves ?

Bacon.

WHAT wild ambitious schemes

The ripen'd man engage ?

To love's delusive dreams

Succeed the plans of age.

The smiles of beauty lose

Their sweet attractive power,

And pleasure vainly woos

The statesman to her bower.

Youth, manhood, and old age, have each their vice,

First lust, ambition next, then avarice.

Some mount on high like rockets,
That blaze, then die away ;
And folly loves to mock its
Votaries for a day.

Or Juans, or Napoleons, 'tis the same—
The slaves of passion are the fools to fame.

“ To-morrow and to-morrow ”
Have momentary joys ;
Men never think that sorrow
Can rob them of their toys.
Or death—they heedless hear the passing bell ;
Where be *his* fond conceits for whom it tolls a knell ?



VERSES

WRITTEN IN STONELEIGH PARK.

THE rudest trunk by Nature's hand that 's wrought,
May teach us more than ever sage has taught :
Ye patriarchal oaks, that mock the span
Of man's existence—(miserable man !)
Ye teach me this, that even in decay
Ye thrive, when the proud mind is worn away.

Ye richly-foliaged woods, that seem but one,
Girding yon uplands with your emerald zone,
Ye tell me, there 's analogy between
Youth's liveliness, and your most cheerful green.
When the light plays upon your leaves, we glow
With inward joy ourselves ; I feel it now.

When sombre shades the brightest hues displace,
Steals o'er our hearts their "melancholy grace."
'Tis the bard's golden chain that seems to bind
Nature's best energies with those of mind ;
For when Creation's wonder-works we see,
We feel within us the Divinity !
Whence springs this holy feeling? from delight
In looking up to God through works so bright !

Here might Zeluco for a moment feel
(But for a moment) a religious zeal.
Thus Satan gazed on Paradise awhile,
And half forgot his hate, revenge, and guile.

LINES WRITTEN AT ROME.

WE need not fear, in these *enlighten'd* times,
Hildebrand's power, or Alexander's crimes :
Or that fierce Pope,* unspiritual lord
Of Roman faith, who grasp'd the temporal sword.
But here is Superstition's last strong hold :
Still here, release from Purgatory 's sold ;
And here the women, pious *in their way*,
At noon read Casti,† though at eve they pray :
How eloquent their looks ; beneath the lashes
Of their dark eyes the soul of passion flashes !

* Julius II.

† CASTI, a profligate writer, author of certain "Novelle," as Forsyth says, "too excellently wicked."

Alternately they read their prayers, and paint ;
Now woo a lover, now invoke a saint !
Such are the Portias, the Cornelias, now,
So well is heeded here the marriage vow.

November, 1818.

TO THE REV. W. W.
ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

THIS is indeed to all a lovely morn:
But chief to thee, for on this day was born
Thy lovely daughter, lovelier with a mind,
O think I flatter not, how pure, refin'd!
Pure as the dreams of holiest saints, and mild
As the soft slumbers of an infant child.
Yet 'tis possest of wisdom, wit, and sense:
Her eyes beam forth that mind's intelligence.
Thy smiles, paternal, *faintly* tell us now
What genuine raptures in thy bosom glow.
The fulness of delight is scarce exprest
By words; we only see that thou art blest.

DIVES LOQUITUR.

IN IMITATION OF A GREAT POET.

“ Ecce iterum Crispinus.”

I.

HAD I the wit of Newstead's noble bard,
I'd sacrifice it all, again to be
The child I was, when 'on that smooth green sward
I drove my hoop along with mickle glee,
Or climb'd, with eager haste, yon cherry-tree.
Happy are they who need not e'er regret
The long-past days of careless infancy ;
Whom *friends* have ne'er betray'd, nor knaves beset,
Who never have been caught in woman's subtle net.

II.

Of this enough,—the storm has ceased to rage ;
I live—but how, it matters not,—I live—
“ All, all is vanity”—thus spoke the sage :
Yet there remains one pleasure—’tis to give.
With some, ’tis pouring water through a sieve :
An endless folly, an excessive waste :
To feed their drones, these lordlings rob the hive ;
They waste their wealth on fools or dames unchaste ;
Or gems, or jewels rare—*these children “ have a taste.”*

III.

DIVES had feasts at home, and many came
To see the strange inventions of the night ;
Minstrels were in his halls, resembling flame—
The colour of their robes was e’en as bright ;
Ladies were clad in silk, all lily white,
While Burgundy, from golden goblets pour’d,
Freshen’d the heart of man with new delight,
And boon companions gather’d round his board,
Pledging the frequent health of their all-liberal lord.

IV.

But what is DIVES now?—a misanthrope—
A snarling cynic, basking in the sun :
O'ercharged with lust, he gave his passion scope ;
A self-tormentor, now his course is run,
Mingling with fellow men, yet loving none.
Divine Charissa calls on him in vain—
“ Though fools have robb'd thee, do not therefore shun
The sad retreat of penury and pain.”
Sullen he stalks apart, and eyes her with disdain.

V.

What wert thou born for, denizen of earth,
To laugh and grieve as suits thy wayward will ?
Scoffer—the soul will have a second birth ;—
Awake the song—the sparkling goblet fill—
Drown, in thy wine, all thoughts of future ill.
There *is* another world !—then be it so—
Of this already, have I had my fill !—
“ This will not save thee—this fantastic woe :
Thou knowest not, wretched man, where thou art
doom'd to go !”

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE BODIES OF TWO BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN, CAST AWAY NEAR MILFORD.

(IN IMITATION OF COLERIDGE.)

A DREARY waste of snows around
O'er-spread th' inhospitable ground ;—
The storm-blast scarce had ceased to roar,
There lay two corpses on the shore.
Thou, pamper'd Lecher, come and see
These shapes, so oft embraced by thee :—
What—does it shame thee?—look again—
These were once women, ay, and vain ;
Rock-bruised and mangled now, they seem
More horrid than a ghastly dream.

Now kiss their livid lips, and bless
Their fragrant stench, sweet rottenness.
The gay gold rings bemock their fingers,
Where not one trait of beauty lingers ;
But, like the shrivell'd star-fish, lie
Their hands in sand, all witheringly.
We start to see this loathsome clay,
Uncoffin'd, rotting fast away ;
Yet, we *can* bear the noisome pest,
Vice, gathering, black'ning in the breast.

TRUE LOVE.

I.

'Tis sweet on Truth's high vantage-ground to stand
And gaze on men below, in mazes lost
Of error ; sweet it is to break the wand
Of juggling Comus, battling 'gainst a host
Of frightful passions ; or when tempest-tost
To reach, by unexpected chance, the port ;
Sweet, 'tis to have a Claude though much it cost ;
Sweet to the honest heart 's the rustic's sport ;
Sweetest is woman's love when 'tis of good report.

II.

To share each other's joys, to live indeed
In our own little world of happiness,
With interchange of thought as time may need ;
To brighten fancy ; make our troubles less ;
To give and to return the kind caress ;
To visit distant realms, not both unknown ;
To be each other's help-mates in distress ;
To laugh through mutual aid at fortune's frown ;
Such were a bliss, indeed, which few can call their own.

ENGLAND.

I.

WHAT are Helvetia's woods, Ausonia's bowers,
Compared with England's home-attractions? rove
Where'er we may, we waste away those hours
That sure were better spent with friends we love,
Such as the royal casuist (*) might approve.
But England has her beauties, her green fields ;
Her rising grounds o'ertopp'd with many a grove ;
The wealth her land so prodigally yields,
That yet from violent hands the arm of justice shields.

II.

And thou, Charissa, with thy smiling train
Of infants, in this island art renown'd ;
Let others sing the dark-ey'd maids of Spain, (b)
Here beauty's modest gracefulness is found ;
Here love domestic is by valour crown'd :
Ah ! happy isle, where faction vainly roars :
Her wild war-cry we heed not ; we are sound :
With flag reversed, rebellion quits our shores,
And peace exulting smiles, and virtue God adores.

III.

“ Whatever is, is best ;” the blasts, from hell,
Of irreligion cannot shake the tree
Of knowledge, that in our blest isle has well
Driv'n deep its roots ; the true philosophy
Is Christian faith, from superstition free.
England of Heayen asks no miraculous voice
To silence foul-mouth'd infidelity.
No ! in the gospel-truths her sons rejoice :
That worship must be pure, where reason points the
choice.

IV.

What mighty minds have here conjointly raised
An altar to their Maker ; there up-piled
The gifts of truth and eloquence amazed
Surrounding nations ; gentle as a child
Was Newton, Cowper as a seraph mild !
Yet were they champions of the faith, and kept
The ark of their religion undefiled.
Here never has Devotion's genius slept,
Nor o'er her broken fanes meek Piety has wept.

V.

Those who do fear it, always hate the light ;
Let man but know his duties, he pursues
His proper good ; 'tis only in the night
Of ignorance, that uncertain are his views,
That (c) Cleons his most credulous heart abuse.
But learning's like Ithuriel's spear, and shows
Impostures stripp'd of all their borrowed hues.
What is the fruitful source of human woe ?
The fear lest men become too wise the more they know.

VI.

Vain fear ! before Religion's rising sun
The fogs of Superstition break away.
Let sophists to the den of error run
And hide them from the intellectual ray
That this "best sun" sheds forth on us to-day.
Though tyrants dread opinion, 'tis the base
Of every government, its only stay.
Good God ! what crimes the moral world disgrace, (d)
When prejudice would drive right reason from its place.

VII.

Are not the gifts of eloquence and wealth,
Beauty and talent, easily abused ?
Thus into minds not guarded well, by stealth
The poison of false doctrine is infused.
E'en freedom has been, often is, misused !
Yet by instruction man is raised here
High in the scale of being, not amused
With grovelling joys, but panting for a sphere
Where mind shall live with mind through Heaven's
"eternal year."

VIII.

As rushing whirlwinds 'mid the stagnant air, (°)
In eastern climates, suddenly arise—
Thus slaves whom passions prompt, or fell despair,
Rush on their despot-master. Lo! he dies.
How weak the state which terror guards, or lies!
But when fair mercy, justice, truth support
The throne, let statesmen ope the people's eyes;
Their knowledge is as an unshaken fort
To which 'gainst all attacks the monarch might resort.

IX.

Let others fashion works that charm the eye
And please the moral taste; we cannot strive
In these with Greece and Italy to vie—
We teach the master-science how to live.
Long may our dear, dear country's glories thrive;
May never pestilence consume her strength; may God
Far, far away domestic discord drive:
But, must we bow beneath his chastening rod,
Ne'er may the rebel's bones rest 'neath his father's sod.

NOTES ON "ENGLAND."

(^a) *Such as the royal casuist might approve.*

Hamlet.—Give me the man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core ; ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee.—*Shakspeare*.

(^b) *Let others sing the dark-eyed maids of Spain.*

See Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, Canto the First.

(^c) *That Cleon's his most credulous heart abuse.*

Cleon was the low demagogue of Athens.—See *Thucyd.* lib. 3.

(^d) *Good God ! what crimes the moral world disgrace.*

L'Auteur du *Raoud-al-rakhiar* rapporte que Mahomet a prédit que son peuple ou sa religion périroit par deux choses, par l'ignorance et par l'avarice. *D'Herbelot*, article, *GENEL*.

(•) *As rushing whirlwinds 'mid the stagnant air.*

If we have any doubt of the dreadful evils arising from the ignorance of the people, let us turn to the page of history, let us look to the crusade against the unoffending Albigenses, the convulsions that happened at Paris (equalled only in atrocity by the enormities of the late Revolution,) during the unhappy reign of Charles VI. to the private wars, and deadly feuds that, during the middle ages, desolated Germany and Scotland, and then (unless we are bigots, or knaves,) we shall be convinced of the necessity of enlightening the people. It is the Cardinal de Retz who says, that the lower orders are suspicious. They are so, indeed, since they have always been deceived! "Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated in the science of politics alone by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts, the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man, to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection?" "The convictions of philosophy insinuate themselves by a slow, but certain progress into popular sentiment. It is vain for the arrogance of learning to condemn the people to ignorance, by reprobating superficial knowledge. The people cannot be profound; but the truths which regulate the moral and political relations of man are at no great distance from the surface."—*Mackintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, pp. 110-123.

STEEPHILL.

UNDAZZLED now by fashion's meteor-blaze,
The quiet joys of life I'll learn to praise ;
With Waller dwell 'mid myrtle shades, or find,
With Wordsworth, mighty spirits in the wind.
Oh ! 'tis a glorious privilege to be
The child of nature, and her charms to see :
Yon isle-engirting ocean, and the sky
O'er the green waves a cloudless canopy ;
The stars by night, the fiery-wheeled throne
By day, its after-splendours, when 'tis gone ;
The jutting cliffs, the winding shores, the caves
Hollow'd within the rocks by frequent waves ;
Vast in themselves, yet magnified by thought,
(Compar'd with these man's noblest works are nought ;)
The rock-embosom'd underwood that creeps,
Rich with autumnal colours, up the steeps.

And many have been wanderers here, who now
Live with their God ! from yonder mountain's brow
They gazed upon the rising sun, that cheer'd
Nature and them ; they now have disappear'd !
But, near the fountain's self of heavenly light,
Gaze on more splendid scenes with more intense delight.
There all those hopes they cherish'd while on earth
Are realized,—how pure man's second birth !
They, by the living waters evermore,
Seeing and knowing all things, God adore.
We tread the same dull round from year to year ;
Though the scene shifts, the actors re-appear,
Staled in each other's eyes, press on, and die,
With "*vive la bagatelle*" the expiring cry !

Here, shelter'd from life's troublous storms, we roam,
And store up many an anecdote for home ;
Here feel that, unembarrass'd by the crowd,
We may, inglorious idlers, think aloud !

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

WRITTEN AT MIDDLETON,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF JERSEY.

For sure in all th' enchanted ground
Of Paradise, there are not found
The fountain-brinks of Rocnabay,
Mosella's bowers, with roses gay.

Translation of Hafiz.

THE spoils of nations here collected, seem
To realize an eastern poet's dream :
Gold, gems, and ivory, with rich inlay,
Urns, vases, books, magnificently gay,
Embroider'd couches, golden lamps, and all
That Pride would choose for Beauty's festival,
With intermingling hues fatigue the sight,
And "dazzle with their luxury of light."
Nurs'd in the sunshine, orange-trees unfold
Their leaves of emerald, and their fruit of gold.

Exotics fling their exquisite perfume,
From grand conservatories, through the room,
Where sits the fair Sultana of the place,
And to Zenobia's wealth adds Hebe's grace.
The glorious day-god cheers (what could he less ?)
With vivid rays this seat of loveliness.

April 17, 1820.

PSEUDO-PATRIOTISM.

How few there are who do deserve
The Patriot's laurel-crown ;
Who never from their duty swerve,
Or lose their high renown.

A traitor's name doth stain the fame
Of Wallenstein the brave ;
The honours which he could not claim
Adorn his rival's grave.*

Rienzi, thou didst promise well,
But hast betray'd thy trust ;
Yet ! when the traitor-tribune fell,
His death was surely just.

* The great Gustavus Adolphus.

STANZAS
ADDRESSED TO THE SEA.

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1824.

The sea, is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.

Moore.

I.

SOFT as a seraph's look, the calm blue sea
Smiles with surpassing loveliness; how dear
This glorious element is to the free!
The spirit-stirring waves, now hush'd, appear
With broken sunbeams, or suffus'd, or clear,
Glassing the weeds fantastic—Nature's waste.
Now ruffled by the rising breeze they near
The shore, and course each other down in haste!
The bubbling cup of pleasure thus bemocks us while
we taste.

II.

There's in our minds an overpowering sense
Of grandeur, as we view the sea, that far
Exceeds in depth those feelings, though intense,
With which we contemplate the brightest star
That heralds Cynthia in her full orb'd car.
The sea, coeval with th' eternal past,
While element with element waged war,
Ere yet the pillars of the earth stood fast,
Roll'd o'er the dark abyss immeasurably vast.

III.

Then light through darkness shot its vivid ray,
Then waves subsided, mountains rose above;
Then splendid in his rising, as to-day,
The God of gladness brighten'd hill and grove,
And all Creation glow'd with roseate love.
But chiefly the great Ocean, o'er whose face
The spirit of its God began to move,
While yet it bluster'd through unmeasur'd space,
Gloried within its bounds to feel the sun's embrace.



IV.

A varied mass of congregated cloud,
Purple and blue and red, th' horizon round
Floats o'er the waters, seemingly to shroud
Some fairy Isle where beauteous fruits abound ;
Where hills uprise by golden castles crown'd ;
Whence elfin knights come forth in proud attire,
And lovely fays, whose feet scarce touch the ground :
But soon these beings of the brain expire,
When the departing clouds unveil a sea of fire.

V.

The sun is sinking fast, and now is gone
The vaporous enchantment ; the wide main
Reflects from clouds pavilioning the throne
Of light, that still most beautiful remain,
An orange hue, which to depict, were vain !
These are faint shadows of those glorious sights
Which we shall see, when free from grief or pain.
We traverse planets where unbodied sprights
For ever will enjoy ineffable delights.

VI.

The Bard* of Asti view'd the sea, and wept,
So strong were his emotions to behold
Its might ; as yet his sun-like genius slept,
Till rous'd by call of passion uncontroll'd,
Like to the lightning's flash which clouds unfold
Amid a thunderstorm—through flood of tears
It threw a momentary ray ; the bold
Promise of splendour that in after years
Blazed in his verse ; it still the sons of freedom cheers.

VII.

Home of the brave and free—for such thou art
Thou proudly-swelling Ocean, how thy waves
Delighted ATHENS once, whose lion-heart
Despised the self-will'd tyrant's glittering slaves !
Baffled in all his hopes power vainly raves.
Now like a giant rising after sleep
Refresh'd, COLOMBIA wakes to life, and braves
Her late tyrannick mistress ; o'er the deep
The sons of Commerce now fresh harvests hope to reap.

* See Note page 173.

VIII.

O'ershadow'd by monopoly's dark wings
COLOMBIA languish'd long, but now no more—
And many a vessel richly-freighted brings
Her wealth triumphantly to CHILI's shore ;
Returning homewards with the wondrous store
That nature in the country doth pour forth
From her horn bursting with its fulness o'er ;
Thus though proud kings unite from South and North,
Freedom unshaken smiles, and vindicates her worth.

IX.

Thou vasty deep what treasures lie conceal'd
Within thy caverns, coral-pav'd, below
The plummet's reach, that ne'er shall be reveal'd
'Till the dread Angel his last trump shall blow.
Then all will Nature's secret wonders know ;
But they, beheld, must disappear, and melt
Away with fervent heat, nor ebb, nor flow
Of mighty waters shall be seen or felt :
No vestige will remain of lands where man hath dwelt.

X.

And shall this Ocean that compared might be
(If ought the perishable world can have
Liken'd unto it,) with eternity,
Be lost at once, as is a single wave,
That breaks upon the beach ? this greedy grave
Of shatter'd navies, shall it ever cease
To gorge its victims while fierce tempests rave ?
Whate'er the great Creator wills, with ease
He can perform, build worlds, destroy them, if he please.

XI.

Heaven, Earth, and Ocean perish ; but the soul
Survives, through ages after ages blest.
Burning for knowledge where new Planets roll
'Twill wing its flight ; here oft by care deprest
The mind for wisdom loses all its zest.
But loos'd from earth, all-seeing it will pass
Through boundless space, or contemplate at rest
Things, which it darkly sees, as through a glass :
While "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" within its flesh
mass !

XII.

at other worlds interfluent among,
 — — — — — ans may swell and roar, 'tis vain to think. •
 — — — — — ch themes befit not a poor mortal's song.
 — — — — — agination leads us to the brink
 — — — — — f a vast precipice ; we well might shrink
 — — — — — n gazing on the great obscure beneath.
 — — — — — here all is fathomless—the closest link
 — — — — — Of thought is broken by conjecture's breath,
 — — — — — hen mind attempts to soar above the depths of death !

* ALFIERI.—When this great poet first saw the sea, he could
 not describe the emotions which the sight of it excited in him,
 and therefore he gave vent to his feelings in tears.

VERSES

TO BERNARD BARTON.

UNLIKE indeed the meteor light
That dazzles to betray,
Thou art a star to bless our sight,
And lead us on our way.

Mild are the breathings of thy lyre,
Thou gentle Bard, yet strong
Thy verse, whene'er thy "muse of fire"
To Heaven directs her song.

Thou hast not drank, as others have,
From pleasure's poison'd chalice ;
Nor dost thou, misanthropic, rave
Against imagin'd malice.



How stainless thy poetic wreath !
How beautiful it's hue ;
Unsullied by the world's gross breath,
It looks for ever new.

WILLERSLEY.

THROUGH winding vales the peaceful Derwent steals,
And shuns the sunshine that its course reveals ;
Hid among woods, it calmly glides along :
Here let me learn to scorn the busy throng.
Trees (how majestic !) along the glade
Give " boundless contiguity of shade ;"
Sheltered beneath their umbrage, let me rove,
Visiting walks sacred to peace and love—
Where Rasselas might find content at last,
Where e'en his happy valley is surpast,
Where dimpling cheeks and laughing eyes express
(If true on earth, there only) happiness.

See, woods along the rocky steep,
Magnificently rise ;
How graceful is the mountain's sweep !
How beautiful the skies !
E'en the projecting crags are dight
In the rich hues of morning light !
While Willersley is Cromford's boast,*
Can Paradise be wholly lost ?

The tangled shrubs creep o'er yon distant hills,
Whose soil more rugged seems ; and there,
'Mid giant stones uncouth and bare,
Leap out unnumbered rills.

Their course the lively waters take
Through clefts, as lizards thrid the brake ;

* Willersley is the seat of Richard Arkwright, Esq. It is situated on a beautiful eminence about a mile from Matlock, just above the romantic village of Cromford.

Or where dark precipices frown,
Rush with collected fury down ;
How sparkling are the streams, how bright
The glorious falls where they unite,
Where trees, fantastically wove,
Form a green canopy above !
And then the spray, that dews the bower
Above, descends a cloud-like shower ;
There 's contrast too of light and shade,
As sun-beams the recess invade.
The wild fern well becomes its place,
The brushwood has luxuriant grace.

Tradition says that yon bold rocks,
Were shiver'd by an earthquake's shocks ;
For nature's mighty agents here
Work out their wonders far and near.
Spirits of air and water, ye
Act with portentous energy.



Whether ye seek the cavern's gloom,
Or roar within the mountain's womb ;
And broken crags and harden'd weeds,
Are proofs of your miraculous deeds.

VITTORIA COLONNA. (*)

Questa è la gloriosa e gran Madonna,
Che senza pari al mondo, è del suo sesso
L' honor sovran Vittoria Colonna;
Che 'l nome suo sopra le stelle ha messo;
Vittoria che celeste ò mortal donna
Dubita il mondo di nomarla spesso;
Vittoria che piangendo il suo marito
Non men ella di lui si mostra à dito.—

Bernardino Martirano.

DIVINE Colonna! boast of Leo's days!
Rival of Petrarch in thy gentle lays!
Pride of a princely house, unmatch'd for fame! (b)
Pescara's noble wife! most glorious dame!
These were thy titles, fair Vittoria, thine
A heart Devotion deem'd its purest shrine:
Thou sang'st (instead of culling fancy's wreath)
Thy husband's virtues, and thy Saviour's death.

When fair Ausonia's sons were bathed in slaughter,
And Christian blood o'erflow'd the land like water ;
When poets, mindless of their glorious trust, (°)
Deck'd with gay flowers the hoary head of lust,
Thy pious Muse look'd heaven-ward, or with zeal
Urg'd warring states their mutual wounds to heal.

Vittoria, like a heaven-descended spright,
Wander'd on Arno's banks at hush of night
With Him, the master-spirit of an age
Fertile in great ones,—Poet, Sculptor, Sage !
And pointing upwards to the deep blue sky,
(How beautiful thy star-light, Italy !)
“ There is stability alone,” she said ;
“ There, Buonarotti, when *thy* glories fade,
When e'en *thy* works shall perish, thou shalt live ;
The bent to genius let Religion give.
What thy vast mind has imag'd, that thy hand
Has bodied forth in sculpture, truly grand.

O, wondrous Man ! adore th' eternal Source
Of genius, with thy soul's intensest force.
Should such a mind from its Creator turn,
Devils might well rejoice, and angels mourn.
Let truths tremendous on thy canvas dwell, (a)
Or joys celestial, or the woes of hell ;
Thus may'st thou fortify the good, and make
The wicked at thy painted terrors quake.
Masterly done ! thy giant forms o'erawe
The soul !—the Jewish Leader's look is law :
Trembling I gaz'd upon that look ; I felt
Such inward veneration, that I knelt.
The Persian feels such awe-commixt delight,
When sunbursts 'mid the storms break out so bright.
Many will strive to copy (vain their will !)
This great exemplar of creative skill.
God's mightiest prophet *lives* in marble ! View
Thy work, grand Architect, and own it true."

Rome, November, 1818.

NOTES ON VITTORIA COLONNA.

(*) *Vittoria Colonna.*

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of the celebrated commander Patrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, by Anna di Montefeltro, the daughter of Frederigo, duke of Urbino. She married Ferdinando d' Avalos, marquis of Pescara, who died at Milan of his military fatigues, after a short but glorious life. "This fatal event," (says the learned and elegant biographer of Leo the Tenth) "blighted all the hopes of his consort ; nor did her sorrow admit of any alleviation, except such as she found in celebrating the character and virtues of her husband, and recording their mutual affections in her tender and exquisite verse. She was a warm admirer of the great artist Michael Agnolo (Angelo,) who executed for her several excellent pieces of sculpture. She devoted her poetical talents chiefly to sacred subjects. Her exemplary conduct, and the uncommon merit of her writings, rendered her the general theme of applause among the most distinguished poets and

learned men of the time, with many of whom she maintained a friendly epistolary correspondence. Michael Agnolo addressed to her several sonnets. Among the Italian writers who have revived in their works the style of Petrarca, Vittoria Colonna is entitled to the first rank; and her sonnets, many of which are addressed to the shade of her departed husband, or relate to the state of her own mind, possess more vigour of thought, vivacity of colouring, and natural pathos, than are generally to be found among the disciples of that school. Her verses in *ottava rima* excel the productions of any of her contemporaries, excepting those only of the inimitable Ariosto. In one of his poems Michael Agnolo laments the fluctuating state of his religious sentiments, and calls upon the Marchesana to direct him in his spiritual concerns."—*Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth*, quarto edition, vol. iii. pp. 217-22.

(b) *Pride of a princely house, unmatched for fame.*

For the splendid origin, illustrious actions, &c. of the Colonna family, see *Gibbon*, vol. xii. p. 317. octavo edition. Marco Antonio Colonna commanded the Pope's galleys at the naval victory of Lepanto.—"Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar."—*Childe Harold*.

Prospero Colonna was a very great general, (see *Guicciardini Ist.* lib. xiv.) Petrarca calls the Colonna, the column on which Rome rests her hopes.

(c) *When poets, mindless of their glorious trust.*

The Muses are seen in the company of Passion, and there is almost no affection so depraved and vile which is not clothed by some kind of learning; and herein the indulgence and arrogance of wits doth exceedingly derogate from the Majesty of the Muses; that whereas they should be the leaders and ancient-bearers of life, they are become the footpages and buffoons to lust and vanity.—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

Many of the Italian poets have sullied their genius by the licentiousness of their writings; among them was "Il divino Petro Aretino," who made a mockery of religion, by alternately composing the most pious and the most licentious works; even the secretary of Leo the Tenth, the celebrated Bembo, is not exempt from the charge of writing obscene poems. "Quod poema merito vocare possis obscenissimam elegantiam, aut elegantissimam obscenitatem." —See *Bayle*, art. *Bembo*, *Aretino*.

O gracious God ! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy !
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love.

Dryden.

(^d) *Let truths tremendous on thy canvas dwell.*

The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican at Rome, thus calls forth the admiration of a powerful but fastidious critic, Mr. Forsyth.—“How congenial the powers of the painter! Bold and precipitating, they dash on to the immediate object, in defiance of rules and ridicule.” Of the great statue of Moses in the S. Pietro in Vincoli, he says, “Here sits the Moses of M. Angelo, frowning with the terrific eyebrows of Olympian Jove.”

SALERNO.

I.

How beautiful, Salerno, is thy bay!
How green thy heights monastic!—let me stand
On yonder mountain, ('tis the break of day,)
And view, outstretch'd below, a sacred land,—
Beneath the day-blush indistinctly grand.
Here beauty smiled, and valour boldly fought :—
Who would not fight when beauty gives command ?
Here, with unclouded mind, the scholar sought
Those academes, where learning every science taught.

II.

Hail, thou thrice-blessed sun ! how very few
With thankfulness enjoy thy genial beams ;
Or from the mountain's height are wont to view,
With feelings of delight, morn's earliest gleams,—
The mist uprising o'er the distant streams !
The morn 's an emblem of our second birth ;
When we shall quit this pleasant land of dreams, (*)
The sun, to those who feel and know their worth,
Predicts eternal glories for the sons of earth.

III.

Here let me pause. The blood of Christ was spilt,
To free mankind from death's eternal chains :—
Not through indulgences to cancel guilt,
Or from the tainted heart wash out its stains,
Unless repentance chasten it with pains.
The spiritual pride of Rome must yield
To pure philosophy, that now disdains
Those papal fiats to which kings appeal'd,
When mad ambition used religion as its shield. (†)

IV.

Ye haughty Cardinals, who o'er the minds (^c)
Of despot sovereigns held despotic sway,—
No heir to your self-willed ambition binds
Nobility, with iron links, to-day ;—
Your power anomalous has past away !
Ye were most potent ministers, and well,
With eagle swiftness, pounced upon your prey.
Yet are ye greater now than those who dwell
On Nicolo's vast heights, or hermit in his cell ? (^d)

V.

Ye have upraised indeed the monarch's power,—
That it might fall from high with greater force :
The chains ye forged were broken in an hour,
By outraged multitudes, without remorse.
Affection is true loyalty's prime source.
Up mounts ambition, like a seeled dove,
(While vulgar spirits wonder at its course)
Higher and higher yet, it mounts above
Royalty's self, that scorns (how blind !) the people's love.

VI.

A few years pass away, and then—farewell
To wealth and rank, and all we hold most dear !—
For ever and for ever we must dwell
With saints or dæmons,—death approacheth near.
Why quakes yon mighty potentate with fear !
He leaves a name behind ; and heroes toil
To gain—what many have who ne'er appear
But in the poet's fabled lays,—they spoil
Others' repose, and lose their own through vain turmoil !

VII.

Are not the heroes of romance as known
As Cæsar, Attila, or Ammon's son ? (°)
What an unreal thing is that renown
Which after-ages give—for battles won—
To him, who from this bustling world is gone !
He wanders through the mansions of the dead,—
Where joy ne'er smiled, the light has never shone—
Vexed by the groans of those who daily bled,
That through—else happy—lands their lord might ruin
spread !

NOTES ON SALERNO.

(a) *When we shall quit this pleasant land of dreams—*

Without entering into the fanciful and mystical ideas of Wordsworth, in regard to our present situation on earth, and a pre-existent state, I might be allowed to quote from the Divine Analogy of Bishop Butler.—“ Our present state may possibly be the consequence of somewhat past, of which we are wholly ignorant,—as it has a reference to somewhat to come, of which we know scarce any more than is necessary to practise.”

(b) *When mad ambition used Religion as its shield.*

Pope Anaclet gave the investiture of the principality of Capua to Roger the First, King of Sicily, when Robert, its own Prince, was in possession of it!—*Giannone, Ist. Nap. Lib. X.*

“ It is the liberty of Examination,” says Bentham,

“ which has corrected the errors of ignorance, and restores religion to its true object.”

Innocent the Third pretended that he had the right of legation over Sicily :—he deposes Philip in favour of Otho, and insists upon his deposition.

“ Il faut,” disoit-il, “ ou que le Prince Philippe perde l’empire, ou que je perde le souverain Pontificat.”—*Histoire d’Allemagne, par Barre.*

(c) *The haughty Cardinals, &c.*

Though the vices of Richelieu and Ximenes are in some degree sunk in the splendour of their abilities,—what shall we say of the cunning Mazarin, and the turbulent de Retz?

(c) *On Nicolo’s vast heights, or hermit in his cell?*

St. Nicolo is a very high mountain in the island of Ischia. On its heights are the lonely dwellings of a few monks.—If they think it is necessary for their salvation that they should abstract themselves from the world, why should we quarrel with their voluntary retirement? They err, at least, on the right side.

(c) *As Caesar, Attila, or Ammon’s son?*

“ Quoi donc à votre avis fut-ce un fou qu’Alexandre ?
Qui ? cet écorvelé qui mit l’Asie en cendre ?



**Ce fougueux l'Angéli, qui de sang altéré,
Maître du monde entier, s'y trouvoit trop serré ?
L'enragé qu'il étoit, né Roi d'une province,
Qu'il pouvoit gouverner en bon et sage Prince,
S'en alla follement, et pensant être Dieu,
Courir comme un Bandit qui n'a ni feu ni lieu ;
Et traînant avec soi les horreurs de la guerre,
De sa vaste folie emplir toute la terre.
Heureux ! si de son tems, pour cent bonnes raisons,
Le Macédoine eût eu de Petites-Maisons,
Et qu'un sage Tuteur l'eût en cette demeure,
Par avis de Parens, enfermé de bonne heure.”—*Boileau.***

SONG.

" A breathless feeling, a suspense
Of life, a quietude intense
Prevailed around me in this hour :
E'en Silence felt Love's mighty power."

MS.

LIKE liquid gold glitter'd the waves of the ocean,
The moon there reflected her light :
All was silent and still : not a breeze was in motion ;
So deeply serene was the night.

O sacred to love was the thought-soothing hour
That hush'd all reflection away—
All life's busy cares ! so diffusive the power
Of love at the mild close of day !

What abandonment sweet did I feel, as I roved

Alone, o'er the far-winding shore.

Then came o'er my memory scenes that I loved,

Scenes, alas ! that I ne'er shall see more.

O Nature ! thy calm gives a pleasure indeed

To the heart that no words can express :

As sweet a delight as the lover's whose meed

Is his bride's long-expected caress.

ADDRESSED TO MY LITTLE GIRL.

THY eager look, my dearest child !

Thy little arms extended—

Thine eye so vivid, yet so mild,

Where life with love is blended—

That look, that smile, those eyes of blue,

Thy thousand winning ways,

Promise me pleasures pure and true,

Should God prolong my days.

But of the future none can speak ;
 That lies in depths of night ;
And vain are all our hopes, and weak
 Our fore-schemes of delight.

And wilt thou, when upon the bed
 Of sickness I shall lie,
Wilt thou support my aching head,
 And teach me how to die ?

My first-born child ! my Julia dear !
 Close to my heart I press thee ;
May HE whom all must love and fear,
 May HE for ever bless thee !

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POEMS

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.



A FRAGMENT.

THE generous warrior, with a thoughtful eye,
Viewing his captive, heaves the pensive sigh.
“ Thus,” he exclaims, “ has fickle fortune grac’d
My name with honours soon to be effac’d ;
When some proud victor dares ambition’s height,
My star of glory sheds diminish’d light ;
But virtue will remain, as years may roll,
The never-fading sunshine of the soul.”

Why droop philosophers to hear the name
Of him, whose deeds emblaze the rolls of fame ?
Can weakness sicken those, whom virtue cheers
With health of mind increasing yet with years ?
No ! from another cause their sorrows flow,—
From wisdom, sensible of human woe.

To see, where happy ignorance is blind,
The deadly griefs, that overwhelm mankind ;
To feel for others with a social soul,
To weep at reason's impotent control,
When passions lord it, with triumphant sway,
O'er senseless potentates, whom slaves obey ;
This is the envied happiness of thought,
Nurtur'd with care, by science dearly bought.

Let vain historians praise successful guilt,
Then coldly calculate the blood it spilt—
Dwell with delight on Cæsar's mighty deeds,
Then rail at treason, when the tyrant bleeds :
My humble mind, unblest by martial pride,
With pain pursued his sanguinary tide ;
But when, at length, death stemm'd his ruthless course,
I hail'd the dagger's patriotic force.
Still shall the hero perish unrenown'd,
Unwept in death, nor e'en with honours crown'd ?

Nelson lie forgotten in the grave,
stretched the arm to conquer, yet to save?
laurels thicken o'er the patriot's tomb ;
honours flourish in unfading bloom :
acts like his, e'en rugged virtue smiles,
en freedom's keenness baffles ruffian wiles.

VERSES

WRITTEN UPON LEAVING HARROW SCHOOL

O dulces comitum valetæ cœtus,
Longe quos simul à domo profectos
Diverse variæ viæ reportant.

Catullus.

As evening shades, in summer, calm the light,
Thus thoughts of future, temper wild delight.
Through Hope's delusive glass bright scenes we view,
By many fancied—realized to few.
All are pre-doomed to taste the cup of woe,
To war with griefs which here they never know.
In youth's gay spring, the soul, devoid of care,
Forebodes no cloud—life seems in prospect fair.
Soon withers on the cheek the rose of health ;
Soon is consumed anticipated wealth.

When sickness wastes the frame, disgrace the heart,
 Untimely death alone can ease impart.
 How relative is happiness!—e'en now,
 When, with unusual warmth, my spirits glow,
 Some fondly dream o'er days of boyhood past,
 And fain would wish them, if renew'd, to last ;
 'Till memory wakes in age a transient joy,
 The world's worn pilgrim seems again a boy.

Ye dear companions of my early years,
 Oh ! may these prove but visionary fears !
 Yet, should the world, with meretricious wiles,
 Contract the heart, deform fair friendship's smiles—
 Should lawless passions frighten reason down,
 Then seat themselves, alternate, on her throne ;
 When each might lord it with unruly power,
 The petty tyrant of the passing hour—
 Say, which were best, Orbilius * to obey,
 Or thus to wild affections fall a prey !

* Orbilius is the name of the school-master of Horace. Here poetic license makes it synonymous with that of any school-master.



1. **Introduction**

POEMS

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

TO MY SISTER,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd ;
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

How swiftly pass our early years away !
Youth seems the short-liv'd phantom of a day.*
Childhood is gone, that fairy scene is o'er ;
The sports of infancy now please no more ;
On past delights remembrance loves to dwell,
While sighs break forth to calm the bosom's swell.
You smile, perchance, at such a mournful strain ;
“ Mine are the joys of life, why thus complain ?”

* Festinat enim decurrere velox,
Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio : dum bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta, puellas,
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus. Juv. Sat. ix.

Though Fashion beckons from the splendid hall—
Though Pleasure seems to triumph at the ball—
Think not that real happiness is there,
Nor trust, my Mary, wealth's imposing glare.
Of all the motley crew who crowd the town,
How few there are who can exist alone !
Some fly to gaieties to banish grief :
Can flippant converse give the heart relief ?
Some to conceal their narrow range of thought :
These *look* intelligence ; yet *talk* of nought.
No airy visions o'er their fancy sweep ;
Their souls are chain'd in one perpetual sleep.
These men are solemn mountebanks at best,
Outcasts of Nature, though by Fortune blest,
Compar'd with him whose bosom Genius fires,
Whom Science brightens, or the Muse inspires.
Youth's fresh'ning aspect, Beauty's faultless form,
Shrink from the searching blast of sorrow's storm :

But intellect, that Deity within,
Will soften grief ; nay more, may conquer sin.
It gathers strength through each successive year—
More amiable in age its charms appear—
While Pleasure's surfeit palls upon the heart,
And fashion's fair illusions soon depart.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

SHALL Genius sleep neglected in the tomb,
Unsung by those who saw its beauties bloom ?
Blest as thou wert, Fitzpatrick, with a mind
By eloquence sublim'd, by wit refin'd,
With all the gifts that science could impart,
With all the social virtues of the heart ;
Colloquial elegance to charm the fair,
The table's boast, though *Sheridan* was there ;
Well might we mourn for ever, ever, gone
Such splendid qualities combin'd in one.
Yet, free from all the foppery of praise,
Thy Muse was veil'd, while Fame adorn'd thy lays.
Still are the multitude's applauses low,
Compar'd with those which learning's sons bestow.

• If Fox, whose very name implies the friend
Of worth, of genius, would thy works commend ;
If he,* companion of an honour'd few
Souls of an higher class, to friendship true,
Smiled on thy efforts, in those glorious nights
When fancy soar'd above her usual flights ;
Or when Philosophy display'd her charms—
To lure the patriot from her sister's arms,
His kind approval was thy best reward,
It warm'd the man, inspirited the bard.

* Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli.

HOR. Sat.

THE DESERTED FRIEND.

And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dies like ill-grounded seeds.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit, atque
Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.

Horat. Epist.

MILD was the air, serene the night,
The moon beam'd forth her tranquil light,
No stormy dæmon rous'd the blast,
(As o'er the hills in haste I past,)
To chill my frame or cramp my speed—
But oh ! my heart was cold indeed.
The look of scorn, the shameless stare,
Had curdled e'en the life-blood there,
For friends had strangely gaz'd on me :
I marr'd, perchance, their social glee.

Yet once they bade my spirits glow—
My crime was *then*—the same as *now*.
Too quickly summer's beauty dies !
The moral's plain—" In time be wise."
The winter's rage prepar'd to brave,
No shock we feel, though tempests rave ;
But friendship, I too fondly thought,
Would last for ever, if unbought :—
Life's constant sunshine ; to the breast
An Eden, nay, an heaven of rest,
Where, when the world's vexations tire,
It might, to soothe its pangs, retire.
I was deceived : the bitter truth
Proves confidence is nought in youth.
Such change, alas ! was not foreseen,
Yet oft before, such change has been ;
And many have been duped by others,
Who seem'd to them as kind as brothers.
How the bright arch that spans the sky,
In childhood caught my eager eye :

The beauteous curve appeared to stand
Substantial on yon rising land.
How rich its hues ! each hue alone
Betray'd a link of precious stone.
The glorious prize within my view,
One luckless day I must pursue ;
From hill to hill it quickly fled,
Through bush and brake my steps it led ;
Then, as it mock'd my further stay,
It fainter gleam'd—it died away.
Home I returned, asham'd, yet smil'd,
In seeming scorn, on chase so wild.

Thus 'tis with friendship ; many claim
A portion of her hallow'd flame,
Yet friendship scarce exists on earth :
Few seek, still fewer find, her worth.
The maid unseen, we love to chase
Some airy vision in her place.

But soon we mourn the shadow lost,
Youth will despair when hopes are crost ;
Then bitterly we rue the time
When confidence appear'd no crime.
Will wisdom soothe us ? 'tis too late,
Love was abus'd—then welcome hate.

ON KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Majestic, though in ruins.—*Milton.*

MOULDERING away in desolated pride,
Thy glory past, thy majesty remains ;
Though time has torn thy pillar'd porches wide,
Where echo sleeps, and horrid silence reigns.
Thus onwards all things to destruction glide,
Whatever pageantries this world contains—
Decaying, not o'erthrown ! thou still art seen
A monumental wreck, of what thou erst hast been.

Still at the entrance to the valley was

My horse standing where the path began:

There years were months were now between:

Where horses were my horse's horse

There cavalry preceded me the day.

The sun of beauty there still shone as before:

Now all is loneliness. Reflection, say

How long the work of man outlive man's little day!

OFFA, KING OF MERCIA.

HONOUR but weakens high emprise,
It never guides the truly wise.
Offa had learn'd this regal lore,
By history taught to many more.
Whate'er he will'd, *that* must be right,
Were it an act of cruel might.
Success had sanctified his schemes,
All scruples were but dotard's dreams.
Yet was his heart untroubled, free
From conscience-rousing agony?
No! for those pangs, he ne'er would own,
Oft started through his deepen'd frown.
The thoughts of death were painful, yet
His mind on savage deeds was set.
He lov'd the fight; his fearless hand
Wielded with ease the deadly brand;

But more he lov'd to gain his end,
By arts to which e'en kings descend,
Outwitting those who ne'er believ'd
That man his brother man deceiv'd.
And Offa's brow was worn with thought :
His were the fruits of wars well fought ;
His too, the counsel—well he saw
That sovereignty itself is law.
His schemes were fram'd with practis'd skill ;
No sturdy faction crost his will.
Invincible miscall'd, a slave
To passions such as taint the brave,
He had upheld fair Mercia's fame,
He had o'erwhelm'd his foes with shame ;
“ Grim-visag'd war ” on him had smil'd,
Him fortune never had beguil'd.
Brave spirit ! though the foe were near,
Thy very name had banish'd fear.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

Such as are ambitious are incited by the greatness of their power to attempt great matters; and the most sottish or lazy may discharge themselves of Cares, and hope that others will be more easily hired to take the burden of business upon them while they lie at ease.

Sidney on Government, page 165.

I.

THAT master-vice Ambition has its course ;
It wakens Hope, it promises success ;
Can Wisdom, Reason, Justice break the force,
Of those bold passions that o'erlook distress ?
Not Fear itself, their vigour can repress.
Hence Pride attempts what Fancy had design'd,
Betraying often its own littleness ;
Fortune unbalances the strongest mind,
Such vanities beset the mightiest of mankind.

II.

These truths experience, history ever taught,
And many a moral tale in childhood lov'd ;
But men by splendid wickedness are caught,
They laud those acts which erst they disapprov'd ;
Their spleen, by buried crime alone is mov'd.
Great villains thrive—we deem them great indeed.
How brave their spirits, wheresoe'er they rov'd
To desolate the world, while millions bleed,
Officious fools for aye the cause of braves plead.

III.

While Avè's vehement confuse their brains,
Kings would be demigods ; and courtiers kneel.
Audacious mockery ! the Muse refrains
From courting those who ne'er for others feel.
Alas ! she cannot scorn the proud appeal
Of steel-clad heroes to her lofty lay ;
For them she weaves the laurel-wreath with zeal.
As hirelings stalk along in proud array,
Where blazing lights shed forth an artificial day.

IV.

And Genius thus is self-betray'd to please
An heartless tyrant, in his pride of pow'r.
The love of flattery is a sore disease,
It spreads from chieftains' hall to ladies' bow'r.
The worm that gnaws the oak destroys the flow'r.
Shall sacred poesy that heavenward springs,
Her flights, to creep before a mortal, lower ?
She scorns the song which venal minstrel sings,
Nor to delight the proud her own fine off'ring brings.

V.

The worshippers of images offend
Against Omnipotence ; nor they alone ;
Those too, who mindless of their nature, bend
Before a fool or tyrant on a throne.
Such men to scorn their God are ever prone.
Their idols soon are swept away from earth,
In folly riotous, with pride upblown.
What then avail their victories or mirth,
The splendour of their deeds, the lustre of their birth ?

VI.

Truth must prevail at length ; who now reveres
Almamon's^(a) wealth, or Akber's^(b) mighty name?
Or his^(c) far more renown'd in later years,
Once loudly thunder'd through the trump of fame !
His hardihood may women-warriors shame,
The beams of science pierce through northern gloom,
Barbarian tribes their love of arts proclaim ;
Justice may soon in all her beauty bloom,
And Prejudice lie sunk in dark oblivion's tomb. ^(d)

NOTES TO "THE WORLD AS IT IS."

(^a) *Almamon's wealth.*

See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. v. page 419, quarto edit.—After describing the immense wealth of Almanson, who laid the foundation of Bagdad, the Author thus proceeds. "The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson, Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province, a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars, before he drew his foot from the stirrup."

(^b) *Akber's mighty name.*

For the account of the exploits of Akber, his magnificent palace at Agra, and his splendid peacock throne, I refer the reader to Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. i. pages 196, 210.

(^c) *Or his far more renowned!*

Napoleon Buonaparte! "How art thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the Morning!"

(^d) *And prejudice lie sunk.*

"Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Rais'd by thy breath has quench'd the Orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

Gray's Bard.

ROSAMOND, A FRAGMENT.*

"Tatche si potè dire Alboino vinse l' Italia, et una Femina vinse Alboino."
—*Del Regno d' Italia Epitome.*

"HE would despise me as a thing that bears
Insult with patience, or dissolves in tears.
A better lesson to his sex I'll teach ;
The cruel madman is within my reach.
Revenge is mine ; that passion ill suppress
Rages with quicken'd fury in my breast.
Were there no mountebanks to furnish sport
For all the savages who crowd his court,

* For the story to which this fragment relates, see Gibbon's
"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Quarto edit. vol. iv.
page 430.

But *I* must be selected to delight
Their vaunting spirits—forc'd to such a sight?—
Yet it unnerves me not ; my father's will
Is done, and hatred stifles sense of ill.
This pleasant triumph too, may sadly end ;
Trust not, fool-hardy prince, the seeming friend.
Thy wife is but thy slave, untrue to thee,
Her person is encag'd, her heart is free ;
Or if not free, another doth possess
That, which thee, parricide, can never bless.
Not always he, who braves in various shapes
Death undisguised, his secret snare escapes.
Thy Lombard chiefs shall not protect thee now,
A woman's weak revenge will give the blow.
Thus self absolv'd from crime, let others prate,
I'll urge my gentle paramour to hate
That royal monster whose untender zeal
Has forc'd my soul this agony to feel."

I thus spoke the full truth with passion strong
 Within for mastery—
 Hate of her cruel lord,
 Who tore her very heart in pieces in which
 Another passion rose, as had interest
 Yet such as cheer'd her at her inner need
 The slayer of her kindred fell in war
 Dragg'd like a victim to the altar her
 Marriage to her no morning-star
 Its imag'd brightness once her hopes had cheer'd
 Why marvel that her feelings went astray.
 When thus was undermined their only stay?

BRUTUS.

"When the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore their former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own disposition, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery."
Swift.

WHEN Liberty, triumphing over her foes,
Re-breath'd, though affrighted at Italy's woes,
The sword of her Brutus was redden'd in vain;
He broke, yet the Romans refasten'd, the chain.
For tyranny's woe-trumpet near and afar,
Bade the legions of servitude rush to the war.
He, the last of the Romans, by Fortune disown'd,
(That goddess the brows of an Antony crown'd)
Saw Freedom dishonour'd by those whom she lov'd,
Saw the charms of mock-glory by thousands approv'd.

All proud of a master, *none* conscious of shame ;
Religion unheeded, and virtue a name.*
The genius of Rome had arous'd him too late—
Overborne by the torrent he yielded to fate.

* See an admirable defence of the exclamation of Brutus in his dying moments, in the *Dictionnaire de Bayle sur l'article Brutus.* tom. 1, page 677.

ON THE
DEATH OF ROSA.

" ————— as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse ;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth."

The Maid's Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

A HEART full of feeling, poor Rosa, was thine,
Thy virtues deceiv'd thee indeed ;
But beauty and tenderness frequently shine,
In the victims predestin'd to bleed.

Some pitiless hypocrite tainted thy youth,
Thus the morn of thy life was o'er cast ;
He spoke but of happiness—cruel untruth,
At that moment for ever 'twas past.

Thy spirit that sported in yesterday's light,
Now sadden'd and droop'd in the shade ;
Like the Garland of Chloe * that wither'd at night,
Thy innocence blossom'd to fade.

Rejected of man, the poor sufferer sought
That mercy, denied her on earth,
From Him, in whose eyes our best virtues are nought,
If haughtiness pampers their worth.

She loved—was betray'd—is misfortune a crime ?
Ah no ! *that* I ne'er can believe ;
The seducer may thrive in his guilt for a time,
There is ONE whom he cannot deceive.

Fair mourner ! thy agony soon will be o'er,
Since Mercy is hovering nigh ;
That pang—'tis the price of forgiveness—no more,
Thou art welcom'd by angels on high.

* See Prior's Garland.



V E R S E S
ON THE
COMMEMORATION OF THE SECOND CENTENARY
OF SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT beings, Ariel-like, appear
 To flit along the sky?
'Tis come, 'tis come the joyous year,
 In gladsomeness they cry.

Their eyes with brighter radiance shine,
Lighter their wings, and oh! how fine!
Merrily, merrily, from the air
To Fancy's pictur'd hall repair

There fairy-land in landscape glows ;
There Oberon shall crown the brows
Of him to whom 'tis meet to pay
Our homage on this holy-day.

There shines not the sun ; but a new light from heaven,
Many-colour'd as Iris, to Genius is given ;
Who waves it, and waving it, fitfully plays
O'er our Shakespeare's fine eyes that reflect back its rays.

Lo ! seated on her opal throne
In robes, eye-spotted, Fancy smiles ;
Well might she smile, her fruitful zone
With varied pleasures life beguiles.

Before her bright eyes, as if in a glass,
Fresh scenes in succession continually pass.
Unshrouding now her awful form ;
(Around her how the passions storm,)

ugh "ever young yet full of eld,"*
at Nature comes, as music swell'd
ough Fancy's hall, a mingled strain,—
e pleasure, sorrow, all the train
subject feelings on her wait,
darling's fame to consecrate.

COMING
Quickly through the golden gate

'Slide the fairies, to relate

All their pranks of yesternight ;

With their coronals of flowers,

W Gather'd after April showers,

'Tis indeed a lovely sight.

Hail ! mortal, hail, near Avon's stream,

As o'er thy slumbers Nature smil'd,

'e stole upon thee in a dream,

To fill thy soul with fancies wild.

* Spenser.

THE SECOND CENTENARY

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 Fresh scenes in succession continually pass.
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 (Around her how the passions storm,)

A CHARACTER.

ALONZO was no common man, for few,
Like him, the art of pleasing others knew ;
Nature on him had kindly lavish'd all
Those gifts that please alike in bower or hall !
His soul was bounteous, in his eyes shone forth
A spirit that express'd his inward worth.
His honour as the sun itself was bright,
Though transient mists might intercept its light.
Ambition, (*his* a virtue,) often turn'd
His mind to deeds for which his spirit burn'd.
Then would he knit on vacancy his brow,
'Till e'en with thought exprest, it seem'd to glow.
Then dreams of greatness rush'd upon his brain—
In better times, those dreams had *not* been vain !

Long had Hispania been misruled by those,
Who glut their little minds with others' woes,
Their sole delight to trample on their kind,
As serpents taint the fairest things they find ;
Danger had scowl'd on all who dared to break
The bonds of silence for the people's sake.
To speak of freedom—'twas indeed to brave
The prison's durance, to forestal the grave !
Alonzo knew it ; oft he wish'd to try
The chance of war—to conquer or to die.
The cause was hopeless, and to bleed alone
Had more of rashness than of virtue shown,
Since Chivalry, the nation's queen of yore,
Rous'd in her sons life's energies no more.
But thus compell'd to bear within his sor'l,
Feelings that often strove to break controul—
To stifle in his breast the will to dare—
Nay, more, to find his talents buried there,
By public virtue ne'er call'd forth to shine,
Of honest counsels an exhaustless mine !

Oh, that were misery ! besides, to wait
In seeming lowliness on slaves of state ;
Or else, the game of spies, to fret away,
In restless fear, day lingering after day.
These evils all so smote upon his heart,
He could not bear them ; no, he must depart ;
Quit in disguise his land, his native Spain,
To seek some foster-country o'er the main !

THE ABSENT POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

Stay ! my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me ;
Well you know how much you grieve me.
Cruel charmer, can you go,
Cruel charmer, can you go !—*Burns.*

Doom'd thus to worship thee in vain,
I mourn in sooth my rigid lot ;
Yet happier in this secret pain,
Than if thy beauty was forgot.

The sigh to memory gives a force,
That brings before me all thy charms ;
Of grief and joy alike the source,
Of rapture, or of fond alarms.

The smile,—for often will the smile
Chase the sad shades of thought away,
That darken o'er the brows awhile,
As clouds o'er cast an April day—

The smile re-animates my heart ;
Remembrance gives its welcome a
Then mine, and mine alone, thou art ;
But soon the phantom-pleasures fade !

The smile is fled—the sudden beam
That o'er the past so brightly shone,
Now fades away ; the fainter gleam
Of promised happiness is gone.

Oh ! would Futurity unveil
What must be, to my mental eye !
My spirit then might cease to quail,
When hopes and fears for ever die.

Again to meet thee ; then to love
With all the zest surprise can bring ;
Again to find my absent dove,
Again to hear my syren sing—

This will I hope ; yet self-deceiving,
Like younglings laughing o'er the bowl,
That pleasure is their friend believing—
Thus hope intoxicates the soul.

Still is thy dear resemblance mine ;
How mild, how eloquent that look !
Those eyes like twin-stars seem to shine :
I yet possess thee—though forsook ;—

Forsook by her who loved me more,
As once I thought, than words can tell.
In Spenser's verse we learn'd love's lore,
And thou, dear, wert my Florimel.

This cheat of fancy long beguil'd
Our winter nights, our summer days ;
And Spenser's gentle spirit smil'd
To hear two lovers hymn his praise.

And then Cleopolis on earth
Inimitable, oft we sought :
And oft applauded valour's worth ;
As knights with savage giants fought :—

Enough of this ; my care-worn mind
Less happy thoughts must now engage !
Mine own dear love I cannot find ;
Can *fabled* loves my grief assuage ?

THE DEATH OF HOSSEIN.

This affecting narration of the death of Hossein, the grandson of Mahomet, may be read (it is, indeed, a pleasure to read it,) in "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. v. page 268, quarto edition.

THE Fatimites wearied, yet fearless oppose,
Though thin'd in their numbers, their multiplied foes;
With despair in their looks how they rage o'er the field,
Though broken, *their* triumph is never to yield!

Their sabres well-fleshed, still gleam in the air,
They fight like the lion aroused from his lair;
Each stroke is a death-blow,—in vain, for beneath
The pressure of myriads their last gasp they breathe.

But one yet remains. On boasters, and slay
The noblest of victims that 's stricken to-day !
'Tis Hossein the good,—unarm'd, yet unmov'd,
Though his heart inly bleeds for the brave ones he lov'd.

Near his tent he awaits the sad signal, and see !
His boys in the spring-time of age on his knee ;
He weeps, but the tear for *their* sorrow is shed,
Now, now, to their hearts swift the death-shaft is sped.

O ! spare him, ye murderers, childless, alone !
He bends o'er the lifeless, their death-knell his groan ;
He cries to his God in his agony now,
The damp sweat commingling with blood on his brow.

Still merciless ! on ye brave monsters, imbrue
Your hands in *his* blood, who is praying for you.
Bereft of its ivy, the desolate wall
Invites the destroyer to hasten its fall :—

The warrior is dying ! what spirit appears
To rush from his tent ?—'tis his sister in tears !
“ Yet save him—my brother—look, look how he bleeds,
“ Oh, Shamar !”—in vain the fair suppliant pleads !

He is slain !—but the Moslems yet cherish his fame,
And dear to the hearts of the young is his name :
And the aged revere it ; the freeman and slave
Mourn for the death of the gentle and brave.

VERSES
ON THE DEATH OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WELL might the comic Muse, with drooping head,
Heave the deep sigh—her Sheridan is dead :
The sisters mourn for him, whose master-mind
Each separate talent in itself combin'd.
Wit, eloquence, and poetry, the fame
Of either had immortalized his name.
O, could the Muse's skill but match her zeal,
Then might the mournful lay, like his, appeal
To British hearts ; like his, when Garrick died,
How glow'd the verse to sympathy allied !
Each word with plaintive sweetness charm'd the ear,
As flowers exhale a fragrance o'er the bier.

Where is the mourner now, whose bosom bled
For kindred genius gone?—he too is dead !
Turn to the scenes of mimic life, there view
The characters our young Menander drew.
Caprice in all her wayward fits display'd,
Folly in all her nicer shades pourtray'd ;
The testiness of age—the soldier's sense—
The maiden's sweet discourse—Love's eloquence ;
The lively wife, not quite by fashion spoil'd,
The smooth artificer of mischief foil'd ;
The generous rake, for, lingering near his heart,
His better genius would not yet depart :—
These true to nature, still adorn our stage,
Or, in his calm retreat, amuse the sage.
These, like the gems of rarer worth are priz'd,
When those of transient value are despis'd.

In senates, there his talents shone confest ;
As wit delighted, passion storm'd the breast.
The mind, with taste, sense, judgment, feeling, fraught,
Seem'd to be blest by more than human thought !

Hence burning words, for freedom gave the choice,
The lightning of his eye, the magic of his voice!

When social mirth beam'd forth in every eye,
His was the lively jest, the keen reply ;
The flow of soul, wit season'd high the song,
While playful fancy drove old time along.

As glides a solemn stream by some dark grove
Of cypress trees that mournful sigh above,—
Following his lov'd remains, the good and great
March'd sadly onwards in funereal state,
To that proud scene, where patriots, poets lie,
(Sacred their dust—their fame shall never die)—
There last, not least, our Sheridan was laid,
There weeping Friendship her sad tribute paid.

Ye noble few, whose mem'ries ponder o'er
His cheerful smile, his wit's unfailing store,
Bright to the last ; how graceful are your tears,
They tell of what he was in happier years.

The friend, whose genius shed its vivid ray,
Far from your hearts to drive life's cares away—
The gay companion, sharers in whose mirth,
You had forgot that sorrow dwelt on earth.

Ye fair, who knew his elegance of mind,
His soul, still breathing in the verse refin'd;
His purity of heart tow'rds her he lov'd,
(Her fondness by the bitterest trial proved)—
While in your hearts the fond affections live,
His faults, whate'er they were, you must forgive.
And you, you all, whom many a sprightly scene
Waking applause, shall teach what he has been ;
Who still revere the patriot, love the bard,
From envy's blight his sacred mem'ry guard !
While glory circling round his cold, pale urn,
By fancy watch'd, shall undefiled burn.

AN EVENING IN CUBA.

The clearness and brilliancy of the heavens, the serenity of the air, and the soft tranquility in which Nature reposes, contribute to harmonize the mind, and produce calm and delightful sensations.

Edwards's West Indies, vol. 1. page 10.

How lovely was that eve, the moon shone clear,
Not e'en a vapoury cloud was sailing near !
The fire-flies swarm'd around, with fitful glare,
Like magic gems, they sparkled through the air.
Now glow'd the stars, in such a bright array,
They seem'd to lighten forth a milder day :
There might th' exulting soul aspire to be
Mingled with light through all eternity !

THE LAMENT OF ALTAMONT.

I.

GENIUS of fallen Babylon—behold
In London, mart of opulence and vice,
Thy scenes of former luxury unroll'd !
Here every thing, e'en woman, has its price :
Here Mammon plies his subtle trade with dice :
Bevies of dainty damsels here abound,
With Levi's tribe the unwary to entice :
That neither land nor character are sound—
Corruption's fatal gulphs here menace all around !

II.

Much is allow'd to youth, to feelings strong,
To Pleasure's tempting look, companions gay ;
He who would scorn the soul-awak'ning song,
Whose heart is shut 'gainst beauty's genial ray,—
He would despise the loveliness of May ;—
Not outward, no, nor inward sunshine warms
His soul, himself a moving mass of clay.
The goodliest prospect has for him no charms ;
He never, never felt the lover's sweet alarms.

III.

Awake to life !—no more of harlot's smiles
Dream, nor the noisy merriment of knaves.
How many Losels perish by the wiles
Of sweet Aspasia's, Timon's grateful slaves.
Lo ! the trim yacht rides buoyant o'er the waves,
Fairer in show, more fragile than the rest
Of meaner barks : the sudden tempest raves—
Amidst the ignoble craft she rolls distrest,
It nought avails her now to be so gaily drest.

IV.

'Tis vain to mourn—yet oft remorse will tear
The breast, from which all virtues are not wrung
By wantonness, false witch, whose aspect fair
Blinds doating eld, but fascinates the young,
Till by her arts their sinews are unstrung,
Their strength exhausted;—wasted in their prime,
They mar those hopes to which their parents clung,
Fame, fortune, genius sacrificed to crime—
And all these lessons learn'd in boyhood's happier time !

V.

Life is a blank to those whom Fancy blest
E'en in their infancy ; for why ? they scorn,
When Pleasure, warmly sought, has lost her zest,
Those social duties for which man is born :—
A long, long night succeeds their lovely morn !
Where shall the luckless child of Nature turn,
Baffled by hope, by fiercer passions torn ?
He dares the wisdom of the world to spurn,
Yet by the world misled, for ever doom'd to mourn !

VI.

Be then utility alone the aim
Of all thy actions ; ere it be too late
The doubtful meed of poesy disclaim.
Let nobler hopes thy glowing soul elate,
With honest zeal uphold the sinking state :
Be this the penance for thy follies past.
Far better than in maudlin verse to prate
Of what in days of revelry thou wast :
Shall self-recorded vice its acted time outlast ?

VII.

Invention too must cease to yield delight ;
For pleasure has its limits : then refrain
Awhile from courting fancy's aid—poor wight !
Thoughts too intense will prey upon thy brain :—
Since e'en an o'er-fraught memory brings pain.
Nature's unbounded realms would'st thou explore ?
She views thy puny efforts with disdain :
The learned are but idlers on her shore ;
So deem'd that wond'rous man best skill'd in Nature's
lore. (*)

VIII.

'Tis vain to *Thy brethren in distress demand thy*
 The breast, *Whose only bed is now the cold damp*
 By wanton *Go these relieve;—far sweeter is the p*
 Blinds do *For thee, for thine, that gratitude pour*
 Till by } *Than heartless praises, which the sons of*
 Their's } *Madd'ning with lust and wine, on thee be*
 They } *Shall they to-morrow still proclaim thy wa*
 Fame *Who with o'erflowing zeal to-night do glow*
 And all *Fond liberal fool ! I fear 'twill not indeed be so*

IX.

Li *O Howard, Reynolds, names to man more dear*
 E *Than those of heroes who have fought and die*
 ' *You follow'd well our Saviour's footsteps here,*
 While dove-eyed Charity—celestial guide—
 Scatter'd unnumber'd blessings by your side !
 To save the soul oppress'd by guilt, to give
 To virtuous industry an honest pride ;
 This your ambition, may it ever live—
 Fresh with the dews of heaven its boundless laurels
 thrive.

THE LAMENT

Be then up

Of all the

The of

Let

ON "THE LAMENT OF ALTAMONT."

(*) *So deem'd that wondrous man, &c.*

related of Sir Isaac Newton, that in speaking, on
sion, of his discoveries, he compared himself to a
"tossing pebbles on the sea-shore."

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM stands upon the hill,
Crowns are scatter'd at her feet ;
Power now bends unto her will,
Nature's sons her presence greet.

How she mocks the pride of kings !
How she scorns their idle show !
Now, she cries, on eagle's wings,
'Gainst the thankless tribe I'll go.

Virtue, Wisdom, you alone
Just pre-eminence deserve ;
Attributes to that high throne
Which the freest love to serve.

Break the prison gates, behold
Men of intellect divine,
Forc'd by things of coarser mould,
In the dungeon's gloom to pine !

See the tyrant raises high,
Girt with battlements around,
Towers, that seem to brave the sky :
His strength is nought—his hopes unsound.—

Be he robed in purple pall,
Death shall seize the gorgeous prize !
Though before him thousands fall,
Freemen shout " Revenge"—he dies !

THE STORM.

Loud howl the winds around, the sea on high
Bandies its giant waves against the sky.
Now the red lightnings run along the ground :
Trees snapt asunder from the earth rebound :
The sweeping tempest hurries on its way,
Ocean and earth, and heaven, alike its prey.

FINIS.

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